

# NEW YORK Saturday STAR A POPULAR PAPER

## SKETCHES

### OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, FASHION, CIVILIZATION, AND MORALS.

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Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
One copy, one year, \$3.00.  
Two copies, one year, \$5.00.

No. 130.

**BABY BELLE.**  
BY MATTIE DYER BEMPT.

If you'll come into our cottage I will show you something rare, Never artist's cunning pencil traced a picture half so fair. Never poet dreamed a vision brighter than our darling's face, Every feature perfect beauty—every motion perfect grace! And we love her, oh, we love her, more than ever words can tell. Little winsome, winsome fairy, bonny, blue-eyed Baby Belle!

Sitting on the cottage floor, playing with her tiny shoe, Little fingers fair and dimpled, arms and shoulders dimpled, too; Eyes as blue as summer blossoms, tiny teeth as white as pearl. And the golden sunlight gleaming on each brighter golden curl— Don't you think we ought to love her more than ever words can tell, Little winsome, winsome darling, bonny, blue-eyed Baby Belle!

Kings may have their crowns and diamonds, and their robes of purple hue, Downwards and sumptuous chambers—keep their wealth and welcome, too! We don't envy all their treasures while we have this little gem. Far more precious to our bosoms than their jewels are to us. For with her, yes, we love her, more than words can ever tell. Winsome, winsome, darling baby, bonny, blue-eyed Baby Belle!

We've no store of earthly treasure, we have neither lands nor gold— Yet our cottage holds one precious jewel worth a price untold. And we trust to our Gracious Father that he trusted such a stainless little spirit, with an outward form so fair. And we love her, oh, we love her, more than ever words can tell. Little winsome, winsome angel, bonny, blue-eyed Baby Belle!

Once, on earth, the Heavenly Master took such little ones as these, Held them to his tender bosom, set them kindly on his knee, And he spoke to those around him, in those gentle tones of His, "Bring such little ones unto me, for of such my Ah, no wonder that we love her, more than words can ever tell, Jesus left a blessing for her! bonny, blue-eyed Baby Belle!"

### The Wronged Heiress: on, The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO WAS SHE?" "BAFFLED; OR, THE DEBENHAM PROP-  
ERTY," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN,"  
"TWO LOVERS," "MIRACLE BRE-  
VOST'S SECRET," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGE LETTER.

BREAKFAST was just over at Woodlawn, a handsome villa situated near Hoboken, only a few hundred yards from the banks of the North river.

The breakfast-room had not yet been deserted. Its occupants on this particular morning of which we write, were a gentleman and two ladies.

The gentleman is the master of the house—Jasper Lauderdale. He sits with yesterday's paper spread out on the table before him. He is a handsome, somewhat florid-looking man, of about fifty years of age.

His wife faces him at the table. Though nearly as old as her husband, she is still a rarely beautiful woman. Her lips may be a trifle too sharply cleft, her bright dark eyes a shade too keen and piercing, but every thing about this woman is in perfect harmony—even to the plain black silk mourning-dress she wears—and the effect, as a whole, is pleasing.

The third person who makes up this little party, is a young lady, and bears a striking resemblance to Mrs. Lauderdale. There is the same grace of movement, the same magnificent dark hair and eyes, the same sharply-cut lips. She is, in fact, Mrs. Lauderdale's daughter by a former husband—Miss Marcia Denvil.

Mr. Lauderdale seemed absorbed in his paper. Marcia and her mother were discussing a ball they had attended the evening before. Presently the door opened almost noiselessly, and a very meek-looking young woman entered the apartment.

This person was Jane Burt, Mrs. Lauderdale's confidential maid.

"Has the postman come?" said Mr. Lauderdale, looking up as she silently crossed the floor.

"Yes, sir."

Jane laid the morning papers on the table at her master's elbow.

"Those are all, sir," she said, quietly.

"There were no letters."

Instead of looking at Mr. Lauderdale when she answered, her sober eyes were bent fixedly on her mistress' face, and in a manner pregnant with meaning.

She left the breakfast-room, however, without giving utterance to another word.

Mrs. Lauderdale rose hastily, excused herself, and followed the maid out.

As she had expected, she found Jane waiting for her in the hall.

"What is it?" she said in a low, impatient tone of voice, going straight up to the spot where the maid was standing. "You want something of me?"

Jane compressed her thin lips and looked steadily at her mistress for at least a minute before she answered.



"Cranny's dead!" she exclaimed; "and you, you," pointing at Mrs. Lauderdale, "have killed her!"

"I told master a lie," she said, at last. "There is a letter."

"For him?"

"For him."

"Let me see it."

Jane put her hand in her apron-pocket and produced a letter, which she gave to Mrs. Lauderdale; then she drew back a step or two, and watched with unconcealed curiosity the effect it produced on her mistress.

Mrs. Lauderdale uttered an exclamation, and paled visibly as she looked at the letter. It was inclosed in a brown envelope, not over clean. The address was written in a tremulous, nearly illegible hand that seemed perfectly familiar to Mrs. Lauderdale.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean? Why is this letter addressed to him—to my husband?"

Jane smiled slightly. "That is precisely what I would like to know," she said.

"Hush!" Mrs. Lauderdale caught Jane almost fiercely by the arm. "Explain yourself," she hissed, "what do you see in this matter?"

"Those letters have frequently come to this house before now."

"Yes."

"And they have, invariably, been addressed to yourself."

The two women eyed each other in silence. Mrs. Lauderdale's color had not come back, and she was even trembling.

Jane was the first to speak. "Now you know why I did not give that letter to master when he asked for the mail. I was not sure you would wish him to see it."

"You did right, Jane. He must know nothing of it."

"Now, or ever?"

Mrs. Lauderdale struggled hard for her composure, and regained it.

"Jane," she said, "you are a faithful creature. How can I reward you?"

"I saw a pearl bracelet at Tiffany's the other day that would exactly match my gray silk," was the ready answer.

"You shall have the bracelet."

"And you shall have every letter that comes to the house in that handwriting, no matter to whom it may be addressed."

"What do you know of those letters, Jane?"

"Nothing much. That they are postmarked Berlin, a village somewhere down the Jersey coast. And that they are of signal interest to yourself."

She smiled quietly to herself as she answered.

"I should have been ruined if this letter had fallen into the hands of my husband," Mrs. Lauderdale exclaimed, with a sudden outburst of emotion.

"I suspected as much."

"You are a jewel, Jane!"

"I know how to butter my own bread," was the brutal reply.

Mrs. Lauderdale turned round with the letter pushed into the bosom of her dress, and was moving toward the staircase, when her quick eye caught sight of a man's dark, evil-looking face pushed in at a door near the lower end of the hall.

This man was Bill Cuppings, the groom, a person she had reason both to fear and dislike.

He was stealthily watching her. Mrs. Lauderdale paled again, and caught giddily at the balusters. But after a momentary hesitation, she passed up the stairs, as if she had seen nobody.

"Hush!" she hissed, between her firm white teeth, when the door of her dressing-room was once secured against all intruders.

"I wonder if that devil had been eavesdropping? I wonder if he heard aught what passed between Jane and me?"

She sat down by the open window, breathing heavily. Some minutes elapsed before she could summon the courage to read the letter which Jane had so dishonorably detained for her benefit.

"Something is wrong," she muttered, looking earnestly at her husband's name on the dirty envelope. "Otherwise Granny Wells would never have written to him. I fear she intends to betray me."

"You shall have the bracelet."

She tore open the letter, her whole ex-

pression changing as she read it. Her lips shut sharply together; her dark eyes shot forth sparks of fire; her bosom heaved; her face became the face of a beautiful fury.

The letter ran thus:

"JASPER LAUDERDALE—I have not long to live. But there's something weighing on my mind that I must tell you before I die. It's a secret that concerns yourself. I must see you! If you value your own happiness, don't disregard these lines, but come at once to Berlin, and ask for Granny Wells. Don't delay, or you'll be too late. And above all don't say one word of this letter, or of our destination, to your wife. Come, come, come! Don't let me die with my sin unconfessed."

This was all. But the perusal of these lines had produced a fearful effect on Mrs. Lauderdale. She was fairly livid with passion.

"And so the old hag would have betrayed me," she panted. "Ah, just Heaven! it was a narrow escape. I must look to her. She shall not baffle me at this late stage in the game. No, no. And she must not be given the opportunity to send other messages. The risk is too great. I will go down to Berlin myself this very day, and—"

She did not finish the sentence, but the expression of her countenance as she crumpled the letter up in her hand was terrible.

After a minute's thinking, she threw the paper on the table and passed into her bedroom, which opened from the dressing-room. Here she made some hasty changes in her toilet. They were scarcely completed when she heard a hurried movement in the room she had so recently quitted.

Looking eagerly for the letter she had so thoughtlessly thrown down, and finding it not, she darted to the door and flung it open.

A man stood by her toilet-table, leisurely smoothing the crumpled paper upon it.

She ran up to him, tore the letter from his hand, and made a thousand pieces of it. The daring intruder was Bill Cuppings, the groom.

"You here?" she snarled, facing him like some animal at bay.

He coolly regarded her.

"Why not?" he asked.

"This is my private room. How dare you cross the threshold?"

"I didn't cross the threshold," he replied, nodding his head in the direction of the open window. "Don't you see the balcony out yonder? That is the way I gained admittance to the room."

Of course it was. Mrs. Lauderdale remembered now that she had locked the door on coming in.

"Why are you here?" she asked, white with rage.

"I wanted to see what was in that letter you and Jane were so sly over. And I have succeeded!"

She dropped into a chair, actually gasping for breath. Cold beads of perspiration came out and stood upon her forehead. Bill Cuppings folded his arms and stood looking at her, with an ugly sneer curling his upper lip.

"You don't do right in refusing me your confidence, Martha," he resumed, in a familiar way. "You compel me to hunt up your secrets for myself, and that isn't pleasant, besides causing a world of trouble. You and I have been engaged in too many questionable schemes to go back on each other now. It is too late in the day to trust me by halves."

Mrs. Lauderdale felt, in every shrinking nerve of her body, that he had spoken truly. "Yes, Bill," she said, after a short silence, "it is too late, and I will trust you. But not now. I haven't the time to tell you what that letter means to me. I expect soon to have need of your services; then you shall know all."

He looked at her half-distrustfully. "You are going to Berlin?"

"Yes."

"Who goes with you?"

"I had thought to go alone. But I believe I will take Jane."

"Humph! You might as well. I will wait here for your return. If you are not perfectly candid with me then, I shall go down to Berlin on my own hook. And, in that case, I may be tempted to inform master of the discoveries I make."

"I think we do," he returned, significantly.

"Go, now, before anybody comes to find you here."

He laughed jeeringly. "It wouldn't be pleasant to have it known that I have the audacity to visit my mistress' dressing-room, and read her private correspondence—or, worse still, the confiscated letters addressed to her husband."

Mrs. Lauderdale disdained to reply to the sneer conveyed in these words. Perhaps she feared to exasperate the man.

Cuppings stood regarding her a moment longer, an assured smile still playing about his lips. Then he turned, vaulted over the window-ledge, and disappeared on the balcony that ran along that side of the house.

When she had taken time fully to regain her composure, Mrs. Lauderdale rang the bell for Jane.

"I am compelled to take a sudden journey," she said, when the maid put in an appearance. "You are to accompany me. Dress yourself as quickly as possible."

Jane smiled, knowingly. "Does master know of this?" she asked.

"No. I shall tell him we are going to spend the night with a friend in the city. Take nothing along. We must not arouse his suspicions."

"Are we going to Berlin?"

"We are going to Berlin."

"Ah," said Jane, "I see."

#### CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAPPENED AT BERLIN.

It was already dark when Mrs. Lauderdale, accompanied by her maid, reached her destination.

On the way from New York she had confided to the faithful but unscrupulous Jane as many as she dared of her reasons for taking this sudden journey to Berlin.

The night was bright with starlight when the two women wended their way upward from the low-browed inn squatted on the bleak Jersey shore, where the stage-coach had left them.

Before them, as they hurried on, the night seemed to drop down curtain after curtain of opaque darkness, through which all material objects looked ghostly and spectral; at no great distance the worn and haggard tide came tramping in with a low but thunderous tread.

However, Mrs. Lauderdale took no notice of external objects. Keeping fast hold of Jane's hand, she hurried onward through the darkness with a fierce, almost manlike stride that plainly betrayed the intensely excited state of her mind.

"Good God!" she muttered, between her shut teeth. "Granny Wells may already have told my secret to that pink-faced girl! She may have told it to others!"

"To what girl do you refer?" asked Jane, not a little surprised. "You have told me of none."

"I had reference to the old woman's granddaughter, Mabel Trevor," replied Mrs. Lauderdale, though not without a show of hesitation.

Jane merely gave

light faintly perceptible through the furzy bushes that now obstructed their way. "Keep your wits about you, Jane. There's no telling what desperate measures the old hag may not drive us."

They approached the hotel—for it was scarcely more than that—and Mrs. Laundersdale, who seemed perfectly familiar with the premises, pushed open the door without the slightest hesitation.

The next instant the two women found themselves in a miserable little room furnished with a pallet-bed, a deal table, and some dilapidated chairs.

Upon the bed a wretched old woman was lying—a horribly ghastly skeleton, with a skin yellow as parchment, sunken, listless eyes, bloodless lips, and a mass of gray, unkempt hair flooding the pillow.

The clammy dampness of approaching dissolution was already gathering on the brow of the pitiable creature.

On the hard floor by the bedside knelt a young girl of some seventeen years of age, who was such a miracle of grace and beauty as to seem strangely out of place in that miserable hole.

She had a sweet, star-like face, with a skin like wax in its creamy whiteness, eyes blue as a fringed gentian growing on some shady bank, lips tinged of a sumptuous carnal, and a profusion of silky hair that fell away from her brow to roll over her, auburn shoulders in a torrent of dull, dead gold.

Of course this was the girl to whom Mrs. Laundersdale had referred when she spoke of Mabel Trevor.

"She started quickly to her feet, a flush of surprise overspreading her lovely face as the intruders burst so unceremoniously into the room.

Their appearance had a still more startling effect on the old woman. She suddenly raised herself from the pillow, and fixing her filmy eyes on Mrs. Laundersdale's face, screamed out, in a loud, shrill voice:

"Woman! fiend! why are you here?"

"Hush!" said Mrs. Laundersdale, sternly, as she approached the bed. "I came to see you."

A singular change swept over the features of the poor, dying wretch. She fell back on the pillow again. "It was Jasper Laundersdale I wanted to see," she moaned.

"Not you—not you."

"I know that very well."

"I sent him a letter, Devil, tempests, you didn't dare—"

"He never received that letter," interrupted Mrs. Laundersdale, coolly, after having glanced searchingly round the apartment to make sure that nobody was present save the girl and Jane.

"Oh, God forgive me!"

"You intended to betray me, Granny Wells. You would have told my husband every thing. With one word you would have destroyed the cherished schemes of yours."

"Yes," said the old woman, "I would have told him every thing. I've been wicked, wicked. And you, fiend that you are, shaking her skinny fist in Mrs. Laundersdale's face, 'have been my evil genius. You've tempted me to do wrong when I wouldn't have thought of such a thing but for you.' Oh, let me atone, for God's sake let me atone, so far as is in my power, before I die!"

Mrs. Laundersdale put her lips close to the ear of the dying woman. "What do you mean by that word 'atone'?" she whispered. "How would you atone?"

"By tellin' your husband the truth, as I said afore. And by lettin' Mabel know just who and what she be."

"Does she not know already?"

"No. I felt tempted to tell her. But it seemed best to wait until he, Jasper Laundersdale, was here. And I waited."

Her listener lowered the lids of her cunning eyes to conceal the gleam of triumph and relief that came into them.

"It is well," she said.

"I shall tell her now!" cried out Granny Wells, in a loud, shrill tone of voice. "I'm dying. And I ain't going to the other world with that sin unconfessed."

Mrs. Laundersdale seemed to consider for a moment. She realized the full extent of the danger that threatened herself and the success of her most cherished schemes if Granny Wells was permitted to make known to Mabel Trevor the guilty secret, that lay between them. But not a muscle of her face moved to betray the dark thoughts that were passing in her mind.

"Yes, it is best that Mabel should know every thing," she said, presently, in a voice audible only to the dying woman. "I give you leave to talk as that when addressed to my mistress. The poor lady was trying to tell something or other, and just gave a gasp of a sudden, and so died. That's the long and the short of the matter."

"I heard her cry out!"

"Very likely you did. Dying folks are noted for screaming."

"I heard her cry murder," said Mabel, still glancing distrustfully from one to the other of the strange women.

"Bah! That was all imagination. You heard nothing of the sort."

"The door was held on me."

"It stuck fast, that is all."

Jane's answers had all been given with pert readiness that might well have deceived a much shrewder observer than Mabel Trevor.

"But that young lady was far from being convinced that every thing was as it looked."

"Mabel may leave us alone," she said, wearily.

Mrs. Laundersdale communicated the permission to the girl herself, who stood at a little distance, regarding them with wondering looks. She instantly came a step or two nearer the bed.

"Do you really wish me to go away for a few minutes, Granny?" she said.

The old woman nodded her head.

She sighed, and seemed unwilling to stir.

"I shall not go far," she said, at last, giving Mrs. Laundersdale a significant and distrustful glance.

She then threw a shawl over her head, reluctantly approached the door, and went out into the clear, starlight night.

For some seconds after her departure not a word was spoken in the hotel. Mrs. Laundersdale sat by the bedside, her face showing ghastly pale in the feeble light afforded by the sputtering tallow candle on the table. The corners of her mouth twitched nervously, in spite of all her efforts for self-control.

"Speak out," said Granny Wells, at last.

"What do you want to say to me?" Mrs. Laundersdale rose up slowly, and moved to the foot of the bed where Jane was standing, the picture of stolid indifference. "Don't fail me now," she said, in a sharp whisper.

"I had no thought of failing you," muttered Jane, in response.

The guilty woman drew near the bedside once more. "I deceived you just now," she said, sullenly. "I never meant to give my consent that the confession should be made. Fool, do you think I would have taken this journey here had I been so indifferent as that? No, no. And it was to tell you this that I had Mabel sent from the house."

Granny Wells threw up both her arms with a frightened moan.

"Treachery, treachery!" "Call it what you will. The name does not matter to me. But I could not have my secret proclaimed after all these weary years of struggling to keep it. I tell you that I could not."

"Call Mabel back—call the girl back," cried the unhappy woman. "No matter what it may cost you, I can't die until she knows the truth."

Mrs. Laundersdale wildly wrung her hands. "I am lost, ruined, if you tell."

"I must tell."

"You shall not," and she threw herself on the couch beside the dying woman. "You shall not!" she hissed, between her clenched teeth. "I'll strangle you sooner. I'll take the miserable remnant of life that is left in your still more miserable body."

"Off! off! I can't die—I won't die without telling."

"Would you drive me desperate?"

Her beautiful ringed hands clutched fiercely at Granny Wells' throat. She looked like some furious tiger-cat springing upon its victim with all its claws spread out. Her breath came and went in short, quick gasps, her bosom heaved, her dark eyes shot forth sparks of fire.

"Woman!" she hissed, "you shall never live to bring ruin and disgrace upon me!"

"Murder! Murder!"

The shrill, frightened cry was stifled almost at its birth by those white fingers encircling the unhappy woman's throat.

"Quick!" cried Mrs. Laundersdale. "The door, Jane. Hold the door."

The maid sprang forward, dropped her hand over the latch, and with all her strength held it in place so that it would be impossible for any one to raise it from without.

Mrs. Laundersdale's murderous grasp on Granny Wells' throat tightened more and more.

At that moment she only thought of the fearful consequences to herself if the dying woman was permitted to tell her story.

Ruin, disgrace, loss of position, the world's scorn, with the finger of contempt directed at her.

The result of the struggle meant all that to her. It is not strange that, for the moment, she was little better than a mad woman.

Such a contest could not last many seconds. The guilty woman's victim grew purple in the face, there was a strange and horrible contraction of the muscles, a long, gasping sigh, and then all was still.

Mrs. Laundersdale staggered to her feet, trembling in every limb.

"She's dead," she muttered, putting up both her hands as if to shut out the horrible sight.

Jane had managed to secure the latch of the door with a nail which she had broken off from the wall where it was driven. She now sprang to the bed, and hurriedly removed all signs of the struggle that had just taken place.

"Compose yourself," she cried, in a stern whisper, "compose yourself, or all is lost."

Thus exhorted, Mrs. Laundersdale dropped into the nearest chair, and after one or two ineffectual efforts, succeeded in controlling the violent trembling that had seized upon every limb.

Mrs. Laundersdale put her lips close to the ear of the dying woman. "What do you mean by that word 'atone'?" she whispered.

"How would you atone?"

"I know that very well."

"I sent him a letter, Devil, tempests, you didn't dare—"

"He never received that letter," interrupted Mrs. Laundersdale, coolly, after having glanced searchingly round the apartment to make sure that nobody was present save the girl and Jane.

"Not you—not you."

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"I sent him

# SATURDAY JOURNAL

3

the madness in her own breast, failed to notice the stern pallor on her jailer's features, or the cold, steely gleam of the bright, pitiless eyes.

"Ida! what does this mean?"

"Ida!" cried Florence, passionately. "I am not Ida. Who has done this thing, this accursed thing? Who dared do it?"

A low, unmusical laugh issued from Isabel's mouth.

"Do what, child? besides, I am in a hurry for you to eat; I shall discharge Mary, and take you on my tour to England in her place, as lady's maid."

"England! lady's maid! surely I am in some horrid nightmare! Wake me! wake me! or I shall die from fright!"

"Nonsense, Ida! Eat your dinner."

"I will not eat! I will starve myself to death first!"

"No, you won't. Listen, while I tell you what I shall do—what you shall do."

Isabel sat down on the side of the bed; her face still wearing that merciless look it had taken when Gussie Palliser had revealed Ellis Dorrance's treachery.

"I shall not call you Ida during this interview, because no one knows better than I that you are really Florence Arbutnott. There—sit quietly down while I finish my story."

"Trusting him as I ever had done, I believed his story; never dreaming he loved you, too, until I saw how very pretty you were, and then I suspected at once. He denied any regard for you, as you have done for him; but he lied, for another of his sweethearts came to me, urged by her jealous espionage, and laid bare his treacherous blackness of heart. You may think I was wild to believe her, a perfect stranger, but, mind you, I had been led to doubt him the moment I saw you."

"Well, Florence Arbutnott, you shall not impose upon me. You have endeavored to make me think you don't care for him; you pretend—and I know by his instructions—you fear him; and I am going to do just the very worst thing I can do. I am going to take you at your word."

"You were as beautiful a girl as ever I saw when you entered the Haunted House last night; but Ellis Dorrance will not be so proud of you when he sees you again. I have sworn to revenge myself on him, and because I hate you on his account, I shall use you to accomplish my ends. See there!"

She suddenly thrust a hand-mirror before Florence's eyes. A wild pale of terror fled from her lips as the reflection met her gaze.

"Have pity on me! I will swear by all that is sacred on earth and in heaven that I despise Ellis Dorrance more than you do! I swear to you on my knees that I am engaged to marry another—Mr. Arch Chesson, who lives near Beechcrest. Send to him; oh, let Mary go bring him, and he will give you all the money you want for me! Believe me—pray, pray, believe me!"

Isabel smiled grimly.

"Believe you! well, perhaps I do, but it's all the same. He is false to me, and I am resolved to strike a blow home to him, and I have the opportunity."

"Think how you loved him, and remember I love Mr. Chesson just as well! Please send for him, and he can tell you how I fear and hate Mr. Dorrance."

"I am not acquainted with this Mr. Chesson; why should I be, when I have only been a week in this locality? I only came when he telegraphed me that he wanted me; the Haunted House is only occupied a few weeks in the shooting season, when he brings his friends out. If it will gratify you to know where we are, yonder is Beechcrest, three miles distant. The nearest house is a very elegant one they call some one's pride."

Florence sprung to the window; truly the tower of Chesson's pride was not a mile off.

"And it is Arch's name! I must go from here. I will go!"

"I shall be sorry to use force to subdue you. The whole story lies in a word, namely: that I know you never again as Florence; from this moment you are Ida, my quadroon servant girl. To-morrow we leave this house, by carriage to New York, to take the first English steamer. Attempt to disobey my instructions, and, believe me, I will not hesitate to kill you—not to bring trouble to myself, mind you—but there are poisons, and poisonous inhalations, and we jealous Italians often use them, accidentally, you know. They leave no trace behind."

Florence shuddered at the low, horrible tones, so musical in its fearful earnestness.

"What could she do? a prisoner and threatened with death if she dared disobey."

There was no possible choice; life was very precious, and there remained a chance of escape in New York, where she would tell her story to the first man she saw on the streets—it might be Arch.

Isabel seemed to fathom her very thoughts, for she said:

"Telling your story will be useless, for I shall take good care to spread the report wherever I go, that you are an intelligent, harmless lunatic, whose vagaries alter; the present being that you are a certain Miss Arbutnott; and, remember, even your own mother would not know you."

Poor Florence! the darkness was very dense around her.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ALARM.

Mr. and Mrs. Arbutnott had returned from their friendly vigil several hours earlier than they expected; and, anxious as was the lady to congratulate Florence on her engagement with Ellis Dorrance, she did not disturb that young lady's slumbers; deciding that undue haste might strengthen the suspicions already strong as death.

Breakfast was just over, and still Florence had not come down, when Ellis Dorrance was announced.

He was very stern, almost angry in his demeanor.

"Mr. Arbutnott, madame, I have intruded this early to demand the reason of my fruitless waiting last night. I spent an hour in the parlor without seeing your daughter. May I beg an interview this morning?"

Mrs. Arbutnott rose from her chair in speechless wonder.

"Not see her!" echoed her husband, in a bewildered way. "Why didn't you see her?"

"That is the question I came to have answered."

"Not see her!" repeated Mrs. Arbutnott.

"That is strange! I will summon her down at once. No, I will go myself to her room."

She walked quickly up the stairs, and tapped on the door of Florence's apartment. Only perfect silence answered her; she tapped more loudly, and a little impatiently; then called:

"Florence, never mind if you're not dressed. I wish to come in."

She waited a second, then opened the door, partly vexed, partly surprised at the long delay.

A cry burst from her lips as she saw the bed had been unused; the square, ruffled pillows where they had lain in smooth state all the preceding day.

Then she glanced affrightedly around the room, and saw the note.

She clutched it eagerly, and read it through, a red, intense flame seeming to come from her eyes, and a gray, deathly pallor.

With no audible word she turned and went down stairs, and silently laid the paper before the two men.

Arbutnott snatched it, and read it aloud.

"The deuce! the—the—what does it mean, anyhow? Dorrance, look at that!"

Ellis took it, and then laid it down again, as he spoke:

"This is what I have feared; expected—"

"Heavens, man! how can you stand still there, knowing she has gone, with that rascal I hate above ground? How can you coolly say you 'feared' and 'expected'? Why don't you start off, post-haste, and find 'em? If I catch him, the villain!"

Mrs. Arbutnott stood, still pallid and trembling, by the hastily-vacated breakfast-table.

"Pursuit will be useless, I fear," she said, at length. "But, Mr. Arbutnott, go at once to Chesson's Pride, and acquaint the family. Possibly they may have heard him mention where he was going."

Her eyes glittered coldly as she gave her directions.

"What will be the good?" asked Dorrance, gloomily. "They are married, doubtless, ere this, and he can protect his wife. If they are not—well, I'm sure I shall care to—"

"Hold on!" shouted Arbutnott, hotly. "Look out what you say about that girl! She is as good and pure as the falling snow, whatever she does!"

"I'll remember, sir. Also, allow me to jog your memory regarding the fact of your sworn oath that she should be mine. How am I to look upon that now?"

There was coming a dangerous light in Dorrance's eyes, a certain expression that Mr. Arbutnott never liked; and he paled under it.

"How could I keep it, Ellis? Haven't I worked for you to the best of my ability? and now, when she has fooled you as well as me, am I to blame?"

"I think so; a father should have taken better care of his only daughter."

Arbutnott reddened angrily.

"Be careful, Ellis, how you speak. Remember it is not too late yet to—you know what. Besides, you can't afford to give her up. If you lose her, after all these years, it'll be a more serious loss than if we never had undertaken the game."

"I can, but the noise will reach Miss LeFevre's ears. Is there no way to come out? No window opening on a balcony?"

Florence eagerly examined the windows. There was none, and in returning despair, she felt the tears springing to her eyes.

"I see no way," she said presently, plaintively; "and if you save me, you might not know me, for I am dressed in most horrid clothes, and the Italian woman has colored my skin brown."

An indignant cry fell from the stranger's lips.

"How dare she! never fear, Miss Florence!"

She sprang to her feet in a sudden delirium of hope.

"Come in! I am unable to open the door. But come in and save me, I pray."

I have come to save you, Miss Chesson. He discovered your whereabouts and sent me to rescue you. The carriage waits just below the house."

"God bless you! I am all ready—but how can I come out? Can't you break the door?"

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"God bless you! I am all ready—but how

## THE Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 7, 1872.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from their newsdealers, may write to the publisher and have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

## Terms to Subscribers:

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## A Romance of Weird Interest

IS THE NEW SERIAL BY

A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

VIZ:

## THE RED SCORPION:

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

In which the author of "Dead and Alive," "Hercules, the Hunchback;" "Pearl of Pearls;" "The Flaming Talisman," etc., etc., gives the lovers of dramatic romances something to "hold them in thrall and sweet." The story will commence in Number 182.

We have in hand, from the pen of Mrs. Jennie Davis Burton, a serial story that will add measurably to this admirable lady's popularity as a novelist, and place her side by side with the best living writers. In clear conception of character and motive; in skill of disposition and situation; in appositeness and force of narrative, she clearly has proven her right to a seat in the Authors' Valhalla; and that it remained for the SATURDAY JOURNAL to discover and draw out her merit is not the least of our pleasures. The new story is called

MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES; OR, THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

## Our Arm Chair.

Chat.—We open, in this issue, a new department called "The Woman's World," in which to canvass the thousand and one things social, fashionable and utilitarian, in which our wives, mothers and daughters are personally interested. Mrs. E. V. Battey, who purveys for the Department, is the well-known "Fashion Editor" (what a word editor is, to be sure!) of *Our Society*, and also a correspondent for certain interior journals. She has especial means of information, in the world of woman's wants and ways, and will, from week to week, give much matter of interest for her sex.—Church's *Musical Visitor*, of Cincinnati, O., is one of the st of popular publications devoted to Mus. It is not only an admirably edited record of musical literature and news, but each number gives from six to ten pages of choice music, for instruments and voice—all for one dollar per year (12 numbers). Cheap enough for the poorest purse and good enough for any home or salon.—Artist" is anxious to be advised how to learn to sketch from Nature and if he can get employment easily on the illustrated journals and magazines. Like all trades and professions, that of painter or artist is one of lifelong labor, based, however, upon actual talent for the calling. If he has real taste, and a native talent for design, pursue the profession, but don't mistake any mere capacity for delineation for certain sign of the artist's genius. If he earnestly wishes to become a landscape or figure painter, there is but one course to pursue: obtain the studio instruction of some good artist, in the proposed *specialities*. (For proper information write to Director of School of Design, Cooper Institute, N. Y.) Employ on the illustrated journals is not easily obtained. Very few, even of our well-established artists, can design on wood acceptably. It is a talent of its own to design on wood, and success only comes after long practice, and real adaptability of talent.

—We take no pleasure in saying "No!" to a contributor. To accept a contribution requires no moral courage, and it gives the editor additional pain when he knows that the author is going to get angry over the rejection. If authors only would understand how utterly impossible it is to use one-half, or one-quarter of the good things offered, they would make the editor's office less irksome and unpleasant. We reject many good contributions from an utter inability to use them. A rejection, therefore, by no means implies a want of merit. It simply means, we can not use the offering.

—The Reason Why.—Our fat Contributor (Griswold), has had to give his say about the old African explorer, Dr. Livingstone, who won't come home till morning, till day does appear; and on the Reason Why, Griswold thus sheds his light:

—We have been reading Dr. Livingstone's letters to Mr. Bennett, of the New York *Herald*. They are as good as a novel. We find that his object in going to Africa and getting lost, thereby keeping the whole civilized world in a state of suspense for a period of five years, was to "examine the watershed of South Central Africa." We didn't know before there was any thing the matter with that watershed; in fact, we didn't know they had a watershed in South Central Africa, or any other kind of a shed, unless it be shed their wool. Yet we are glad the doctor went and examined it; for, if he had not, we shouldn't have such delightful letters as he is writing.

—We learn that our friend, Washington Whitehorn, has also received letters from the Scotch Africenus, detailing at some length what this old Living stone wouldn't tell anybody else. Whitehorn probably will communicate.

—An Opinion.—The *Prairie Chief*, of Cambridge, Ill., discoursing of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, says:"We have received the number of the New York *Saturday Journal*, containing the opening chapters of the new story entitled, 'Pearl of Pearls'; or, 'Clouds and Sunshine,' which promises to be a very interesting and entertaining serial. This is not the only feature of this well-known paper; there are also articles each week, that will make any one's sides ache with laughter."

Side-ache is becoming decidedly popular, judging by the daily increasing numbers of those who demand our paper. "What I Know About the SATURDAY JOURNAL" is the theme of an immense "Subscription Book" which is on exhibition in our office. It costs but three dollars to enroll a name in it, and we are assured by those who have invested that it is the best paying investment they ever made. —Moral: try it!

## WHITE LIES.

"How exceedingly unhandy it is, and how much have we to submit to in itching silence because we just happen to live in glass houses, and how much better would it serve our purpose to break up housekeeping and board out!"

Thus writes to me a valuable contributor to the SATURDAY JOURNAL, and if it were in my nature to agree with any one, I should certainly shake hands with him on that subject; but I have a few pebbles to throw, and if any one retaliates, and smashes my crystal palace to pieces, then I certainly shall break up housekeeping and open a boarding-house.

On a great many points I am in darkness, yet I see a deal about me that causes me a vast amount of wonder, and I often pause to think why matters are so and so.

I think there is too much deception in this mundane sphere of ours. I have known a great many young men who have quite a reputation among church-going people for their attention at the sanctuary, but brother Tom tells me they listen to the text, then slip out, take a walk and return in time to leave the church with the rest of the congregation, for the sake of seeing the others and being seen themselves. If a person can give you the text of the sermon, I presume it is all right, but I can not think so, and I'm not sorry I can not.

And, my dear, I don't want you to plan to meet your gentleman beau, whom you will not introduce at your own home, at my house, and go to walk with him, and when your "Ma" asks you where you have been, to reply, "Why, to see my dear friend, Eve Lawless." Do you believe you are telling the whole truth, and do you feel as innocent as if you had told your mother every thing?

Td advise you, when you commence to grow into womanhood, not to entirely forget the habit you had in childhood, of kneeling at mother's feet and telling her all of your conduct. You'll not find a truer earthly friend to go to, take Eve's word for it.

It doesn't seem to me to be exactly the right thing to get mad, because somebody gets more chances to dance at the party than we do. What earthly good is it going to do us to fret about it? and it's real mean and downright provoking to style your friend "a gawky," with no grace, and such awful great feet, when you know it's no such a thing. You are only envious of her, because she chances to be more popular than you. "But she isn't half such a good dancer as I," you respond. I know that, but then she's a deal prettier, and I'm not so far out of the way, when I state that the male sex are more apt to select the handsome face in preference to the nimble feet, am I, gentlemen?

It is all very well for you to say you "didn't care one straw, because your swain didn't visit you last evening," when you know, as well as I do, that you cried all night, and that's what made your eyes so suspiciously red this morning. If a girl is in love, what on earth possesses her to appear so ashamed of it? It's not very complimentary to her adored, it strikes me.

I once had a neighbor, whose sole ambition seemed to be to poke her head into my windows at odd times, to see if she couldn't catch me inditing love-letters, but, as I never happen to turn my talents (?) that way, the poor dear was never gratified. Yet this very woman's house was of the most brittle glass, for she used to answer all the matrimonial advertisements she could find.

Now, you may call me "an ancient spinster, with a sharp tongue" as much as you please, if it makes you happy; but, you wouldn't do so if you could look into the fly-leaves of the old family Bible, and note how few years ago the register of my birth was placed there.

I know I live in a glass house, but the pebbles haven't broken my windows yet, but I am trying—oh, so hard, not to have people call me an incorrigible scold—I'm sure Eve does all for the best, and perhaps, when she is shooting her arrows of advice, they recoil on herself and make her a better girl, who knows it?

EVE LAWLESS.

## Foolscap Papers.

## Serapis and Bon Homme Richard.

I am never so much in my element as when describing a battle, whether on sea or on land.

Let me describe the thrilling engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis which you have read in books whose authors were not fully posted in regard to the event.

Paul Jones was Major-General of the Bon Homme, and of very high renown. You've heard of Jones—he's dead now, but fortunately he left a good many of the name behind him. Well, when he discovered the Serapis bearing down very heavily on him, he reined up his ship and waited for her very civilly; clearing his deck and putting it in his coat pocket, ready for action, and gave his gunners an extra charge to charge their guns extra. When the Serapis got in range, she whistled down brakes, and just then the Bon Homme opened with a whole broadside from carbones and lemons. This was immediately answered by a broadside from the S. which shattered the starboard and disabled the cupboard of the B., knocking a hole in the hatchway, besides making the principal gunner bite his tongue and spit tobacco-spit on his shirt-front. This was exasperating in the first degree. The firing began to get very brisk on both sides, and extra port-holes were made in the weather-boarding of both vessels; bombsHELLS however over the Bon Homme, circling round and round the mast-heads, and threatened to fall on deck every minute, and explode. Jones ordered the guns on both sides of the ship discharged, then had his engines reversed

ed, and as the ship *geed* around, he ordered his gunners to rake the Serapis, which they immediately did with long-handled rakes, and with great slaughter; the groans of the fatally scared on the enemy's decks were awful. Just then a shell fell into the Bon Homme's fire-place, and set the chimney on fire, but some men were sent up on the roof who extinguished it by throwing salt into it: (while I am talking of Jones' ship, just imagine you hear the enemy firing right along,) then a terrible gale began to blow from three points of the compass and threatened to blow from the fourth also, but Jones had forethought enough to box the compass to prevent such a calamity.

Then came the appalling cry that there was four feet of water in the hold without either lemons or ice, and that it was pouring in through a crack that had been made by a crack shot, at the rate of more knots an hour than they could untie well. But Jones stopped the panic by ordering a slat shutter to be tacked over the fissure and set some sailors to bailing it out with wooden casks with both ends knocked out, and returned to the half-dollar deck—the one just over the quarter-deck—to find a shot had struck the mizzen-mast, and that it was missing more than ever, and he also saw that the hull was getting pretty badly hulled. Both ships were now pretty far apart, and Jones ordered out his cavalry—the horses had cork soles in their shoes—which made a furious charge on the enemy's vessel, but were dispersed by the enemy discharging their anchor and pretty much all their freight at them before they had a chance to hitch onto the cables and haul the vessel away with them. These were the original horse marines, and led by Captain Jinks. As they galloped back, the fire flew from the waves beneath their feet.

Jones then gave the command to close and board, but the sailors preferred to board and keep close at home. The commanding and promenading was kept up on both sides so fiercely that it looked like both ships would gain the victory. The British running out of bombsHELLS were obliged to use empty jugs for the purpose, and they created quite a crash on the deck of the Bon Homme, and were quite an annoyance to the American sailors, for whenever one would fall on deck without breaking, every man would leave his post to go and see if there was any thing in the jug. The marines up in the rigging all the time kept up a continual volley from improved yard-arms and small-arms, and most were stationed in exposed places, armed with cutlasses and two-edged windlasses to hew down the enemy in case he attempted to board without paying in advance.

Jones ordered his guns to be loaded with sabers, scissars and butcher-knives, so as to cut the enemy's rigging, which was thereby badly damaged, and all his canvas hams were sliced up.

Jones stationed the editor with a bucket of cold water at the magazine to extinguish any fiery article the British might want to contribute to it, and he did his duty bravely.

The British sailors were disheartened at the cry that there were only two quarts of whisky in the hold, and grumbled some.

The wind at this time was blowing monsoons, bassoons, siroccos and baboons, and it looked like both ships would be unable to surrender. The port-holes were so far under water that both parties were obliged to fire their cannon up through the hatches, and let the balls drop over on the enemy's decks, then they would load their gangways to the muzzle and discharge them with terrible effect. There wasn't enough copper left on either hull to make a full-grown cent. The Serapis only held together by one nail and a piece of twine string, and the Bon Homme was prevented from falling to pieces by one small oakum scantling.

For the last time the vessels closed, and then began a pitched battle; they threw whole buckets of hot pitch, and many men were fatally struck, and then the captain of the Serapis seeing that all was up, and he was likely to go down, hallowed over to Jones, from the wheel-house, that if Jones didn't surrender immediately he would. Jones yelled back through his ear-trumpet that he dared him to do it.

The captain answered back that no Englishman could ever take a dare, and struck his colors with a club; at this news the American crew crowded wildly, and Jones hitched the Serapis to the gable end of the Bon Homme and drove off.

This battle happened nearly a hundred years since, and I am sure I have had plenty of time to get the real facts.

## WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

## The Woman's World.

Hints for Mothers and Daughters—New dresses and new styles—News in advance of the Fashion Magazines—Cheap china—The new Limoges Ware—Humble homes as palaces.

It is every woman's duty and privilege to dress well, becomingly, and fashionably.

To dress well and becomingly she must dress within her means, for to go beyond them is in the worst possible taste. To dress in the prevailing fashion is not difficult, even with the most slender means; for with the facilities of cheap paper patterns and the inexpensive fabrics *always* in the New York market, no lady need look as if she had stepped from Noah's Ark, or had been taking a Rip Van-Winkle nap in a gown of twenty years ago. We propose to tell the lady readers of the JOURNAL, from week to week, what is new, and noticeable, and wearable, in the world of fashion.

We shall invade the hallowed precincts of the Home and Household also, and give such hints on domestic economy as may be suggested by new inventions or novelties.

When harmless personal and society gossip can illustrate any fact that may be suggestive of thought or action in the Woman's World, we shall not fail to record it, and thus "point a moral," even if we do not in the dining-room, but in 'every apartment of the house, money can be well and economically expended in the present day of invention and progress, which is too often thrown away for dress. We live in an age which may truly be called the age of the poor man's home—when chromos, costing from \$1 to \$20, can be placed on the walls of the home of small means, which shall vie in beauty with the costliest paintings—when carpets cover the floors, pretty as those sent from the looms of Brussels or Axminster, and pretty tamboured muslin, or Nottingham lace curtains, at a comparatively trifling cost, can drap the windows and alcoves of the cottage, imitating and rivaling in beauty the most costly real hand-wrought laces of Belgian and French manufacture.

In the first place, we are sorry to record the fact that our fashion-designers have not shortened the skirts of walking-dresses. The figures on these plates are all dressed

in robes that touch the pavement, all round, and some of them sweep a little in the back breadths; but ladies of good sense will not follow this fashion to the letter. We have seen, at one of our most fashionable establishments, a dress for early fall wear, made for one of our "leaders" in New York society, the skirt of which escapes the ground two inches behind, as well as before and at the sides. It is a very pretty and economical dress. The foundation of the skirt is of black tamise cloth. The flounces are of black gros-grain silk and black tamise, arranged thus: on the front breadths is a deep kilts-pleated flounce, reaching to the knees. The pleats are laid in alternate sections of tamise and gros-grain, consequently the soft crimp finish of the one material sets off in the handsomest manner the silky sheen of the other. A flat bias band of the silk and an upright quilling of the two materials in sections finish this flounce at the top, while refers of the tamise, bound with silk and ornamented with flat Arabian bows of silk, divide the front breadths from the back. The bottom flounce in the back is of tamise, and is kilts-pleated, the one above it of silk, and cut on the bias. The back flounces alternate in this style, almost to the waist. A short apron of silk covers the front breadths, and curving up, high on the hips, ends in wide sashes in the back, which are looped in several long loops and floating sash-ends. The whole is trimmed with a bias band of tamise and a handsome plain twisted silk fringe. The plain corsage of silk is covered with a sleeveless jacket of tamise, opening in front to show the corsage buttoning to the throat as a vest. This corsage has a long double point in front. The coat-sleeves of silk are trimmed at the wrist, up to the elbow with pleatings of tamise and silk. The jacket is finished with bias bands of silk, and fringe around the bottom, and in the arm-holes.

The effect of this costume is as rich as if it was composed entirely of silk, and the cost is diminished by the use of the tamise to fully one-third less than silk. Moreover, it is lighter if composed entirely of heavy gros-grain—a very important consideration in a walking-suit.

Such a dress could be duplicated in any colored silk and cashmere in a manner that would produce a charming cameo costume.

To return to our fashion plates: Polonaises are still to be worn, but tunics and basques bid fair to be more popular.

Sleeves are to be worn tight at the wrist, but trimmed with deep cuffs reaching to the elbow, or pleatings to simulate an open sleeve.

Deep kilts-pleated flounces, and flounces arranged in that style for the front breadths, and to simulate a tunic in the back, are re-pated on every plate.

Hoop-skirts are to be exploded; but a large bustle with hoops extending down the back to give shapeliness to the skirts will take their place.

A new paleto called "THE FERETTI" is found among the styles for fall street wraps. It falls open in front, displaying the vest or corsage and the apron of the tunic.

A new and fashionable trimming for heading flounces is known as the Snap-Dragon Ruche. It is arranged in hollow plates fastened open, in the shape of the flower of that name.

Trains of evening dresses are worn shorter, and with less trimming on them. The sleeves are very short again, and the corsage low in front and back, but high on the shoulders. This style is becoming to so few ladies that there will certainly be innovations made by women of independence.

HOUSEKEEPERS AND MOTHERS will be delighted to learn that a Fire-Proof Starch has been invented and patented. At the International Exhibition in London some very pretty walking costumes, made of such materials, were exhibited, made non-inflammable by means of this patent starch. Laundresses are opposed to it, saying it gives extra trouble, but the directions for use are very simple, and a writer in a leading English fashion journal states that she has given the starch a trial, and found no difficulty in following the directions, and that, upon applying a light to the fabric starched with it, instead of a bright flame, which would have been the result under the ordinary process, a smoldering flame, such as would be produced by burning silk, was all. Such an invention may be a matter of life and death to those nearest and dearest to us, and deserves our most serious attention. It is at least worth a fair trial.

A new ware called "Limoges" is coming into extensive use in the place of French china. It is imported from France, and it takes the most practiced eye to tell it from China. It comes in graceful forms, and can be decorated with bands of blue, green, rose-color, or buff, tipped with gold, and monograms added also at a comparatively trifling extra expense. A full dinner-set of the white "Limoges," consisting of 155 pieces, costs only \$25. Think of that, dear ladies, and if you have \$25, your own pin-money, to expend in any way you choose, do not hesitate a moment between a new dress, or a love of a bonnet, either of which could last only one short season, and an investment which would make your dining-room attractive to your husband and children for years. If

## THE LAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Suggested by the grand scenery of America.

BY CHARLES OLIVANT.

Columbia's the land where the sun doth ever shine,  
The sky is always blue, the air is pure and fine;  
When the summer, from the west the gentle breezes  
blow,  
And in the winter season falls the feathery snow.  
Where, in autumn, all the woods in vivid colors  
gleam.  
The colors of the rainbow—so bright it seems a  
dream;  
While through their depths there wanders the gentle  
stream.  
The crystal rill that ever so beautiful doth seem.  
And when spring begins to dawn upon the fruitful  
land.  
The leaves begin to open, the blossoms to expand,  
Then all the earth is changed, as by a magic wand.  
Cold winter disappears—the woods again are grand.  
The carol of birds once more is heard above,  
As one unto the other they utter notes of love.  
The mock-bird pours his peerless song from out  
the cedar grove,  
While softly cooing to his mate is heard the turtle-  
dove.

Deep in the leafy forest the blue-bird wings his  
flight,  
Filling it with melody from early dawn till night.  
The mirthful oriole is seen perched on a tulip tree;  
And after he heard the lay of the plaintive kee-dee.  
Oh, Columbia's a lovely land—the loveliest on earth—  
The brightest jewel in the crown of Him who gave  
it birth.  
I see it in the budding trees, that tell me it is spring,  
Whose green and golden frondage glad memories to  
me bring:

I hear it in the trilling of gayly-plumaged birds  
That sounds upon my dreamy sense like angel-ut-  
tered words:  
I feel it in the zephyr's breath as it fans my temples  
by.  
For it whispers to me gently, that God is in the sky.  
Sale, Cheshire, England, 1872.

## Strangely Wed:

### WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,  
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DE-  
CEAT," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XXII.

JUSTINE FINDS A CLUE.

JUSTINE'S first impulse was to fly from the Terrace, and the pitfalls that awaited her there.

"Oh," she thought, whom can I trust when a woman could so shamelessly betray me? I know now that my dream was not all a dream. I believe that Miss Gardiner stole my ring from my finger while I slept, probably instigated by my guardian.

"Oh, you precious pair of plotters! what would you say, I wonder, to my knowledge of your infamous schemes? We shall see if I can't meet your hypocrisy with the strategy which in my hands is justifiable as a means of self-defense.

"To you, Mr. Granville, I owe no duty; to you, Miss Gardiner, neither obligation nor gratitude. I shall have no compunctions, now that I am assured of the fate you are planning for me; but I'll thwart your schemes by any means, fair or foul, that I can command.

"Oh, to think that I should have so foolishly confided in that woman! For myself I do not care, but have I not placed Gerald in greater jeopardy? She knows how I planned for his escape from the prison, and I can not doubt but that she has already betrayed him! My darling! if my folly has thrown a suspicion of reproach upon you, it shall be mine to clear you of every shadow. Oh, me! I have been easily blinded; I have made vain vaunts and walked straight into the trap my enemies set for me; but, for your sake, my husband, I will so wary that I shall thwart their wicked plans."

Miss Gardiner executed her trust most faithfully. Justine, thoroughly upon her guard, saw, without pretending to see, that the espionage over her was complete.

Miss Gardiner's maid, Finette, had been sent for, together with such luggage as the lady would require during her stay at The Terrace. And now, every movement of Justine's was carefully noted by the sharp eyes of either mistress or maid. Even the household servants, glancing at her askance and sorrowfully shaking their heads, had combined with the forces against her.

She knew herself to be watched night and day, and endured it more patiently than she might have done but for a resolve she had already taken.

"The measures they mete me shall be returned to them," she said, to herself.

It was the second day of Mr. Granville's absence. Justine was careful to give her enemies no hint of the information she had gained, so she met Miss Gardiner with apparently the same frank confidence she had hitherto given her, and, though burning with impatience, would not draw suspicion upon herself by any premature movement.

Her guardian had prohibited her departure from the immediate surroundings of The Terrace, and in this she yielded him implicit obedience. Perhaps she knew that an open disregard of his mandates would have immediately deprived her of the semblance of liberty she now enjoyed.

The afternoon was wearing close upon evening when she drew a shawl loosely about her shoulders, and went out upon the terraces. She knew that Finette was hovering near, screening herself behind the shrubbery, with some extra wrappings over her arm to serve as a pretext for her presence there should she know herself discovered; but Justine, preferring the silent espionage of the maid to the companionship of the mistress, gave no sign of consciousness.

She left the terraces after a time, following the curve of the drive in the direction of the stables. She had seen Mace go alone into the harness room, and he, of all the servitors about the place, was the only one she could trust. She found him polishing the solid silver buckles, with a lugubrious expression of countenance.

"Why, Mace," she said, laughingly, "I never saw you wear such a funeral aspect before! What melancholy prospect have you in view?"

The man started and looked up in an embarrassed way.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Justine. I didn't know you were nigh; leastwise, I didn't mean you should see—." His tongue blundered confusedly, but his meaning was apparent in the piteous look he gave her.

"Look here, Mace," said Justine, in a low, decided tone. "I know perfectly well what report has been set afloat regarding me. I want you to look at me now and tell me if there is any thing in my appearance to indicate that I am not sane as you are."

She turned her face squarely to his view, and met his eyes with a clear, steady gaze.

"I never saw a crazy person look like that," muttered Mace, half to himself.

"Of course not. How long have you lived at The Terrace, Mace?"

"Full twenty years, Miss. I was only a chunk of a boy when I first came here."

"You were not coachman then, of course?" continued Justine, in a tone which was half-inquiry, half-assertion.

"No, Miss. I was only stable-boy at first, but young Mr. Clare—your father, Miss Justine—took a fancy to me, and took me into the house to wait on him. A gentle master he was to me, and I've not forgot his kindness. I had a poor old widowed mother, who was like to have been turned out of house and home by Mr. Granville, too, who'd just come to be master here. Well, when Mr. Clare knew of it, he bought the title deed of the house—there'd been a mortgage on it to a most its full value—and gave her a free lease for the rest of her life. Poor gentleman! he was always weakly, and after he took to his room I was sent back to a place in the stables. I had a liking for horses always, and so came to be coachman in time."

"I am glad that you hold such a remembrance of my father, Mace; I want you now to be a friend to his daughter. My guardian has an object in getting me out of the way, and only yesterday morning I heard him planning to have me sent to an insane asylum. Was my father supposed to be a poor man, Mace, when you can first remember him?"

"No, Miss Justine. Everybody wondered when it was found that he'd left near about nothing to you and your mother, rich as she was in her own right besides. I remember the day that her guardian old Mr. Gardiner, rode over here, and would give up the papers into nobody's hands but her own."

"Gardiner," repeated Justine, amazedly.

"Yes, Miss. The lady staying at the house now is his daughter, but I remember, there was a grudge of some sort between her and Mrs. Clare."

"Ah, now I have the key to her treachery," thought Justine.

"I never could rightly understand what became of the money," continued Mace, reflectively.

"I can tell you then. Mr. Granville got possession of it all, and it is to prevent it being forced from him now that he has reported me deranged."

"And Mace, every word I tell you is truth. My father did not die! Mr. Granville has hidden him away for fifteen years, as a *humble*, too. Heaven knows whether it be true or not, but I do not believe it."

The man was staring at her as if he thought she really had lost her senses at last.

"I am not raving," she said, quietly.

"What I say is all true.

"I have not time to tell you more now. I am not lost sight of for a moment by the spies Mr. Granville has set to watch over me. Look there."

Mace looked, and saw Finette, who had emerged into the open walk ostensibly to carry on a flirtation with Michael, the footman, who was lounging out for the evening air.

"You are the only one I can trust," continued she. "You will stand by me, will you not?"

"I will indeed, Miss Justine," returned Mace, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm. "I'll do any thing you ask of me."

"I knew I could rely upon you," said she, gratefully. "You remember the day I left The Terrace?"

He signified his assent.

"Mr. Granville was gone a night and a day immediately afterward. Can you tell me where?"

"None of us knew. He set off in the late evening; what makes me remember so particular was that he wore that white overcoat he's not had on another time all the winter. It was while he was gone, too, that the infernal machine came to young Mr. Lambert. They say that the man who sent the box has as good as convicted himself."

"How is that?" Justine forced herself to ask quietly, while her heart throbbed in painful bounds.

"He tried to break jail last night. It's as good as confessing to his guilt, you know."

She repressed the moaning cry upon her lips, and turned her whitening face away.

"I want you to go down the ravine in the Granville wood, Mace, to a little hut which is built there. You will find an old woman, and a young fellow—a Gipsy—who are good friends of mine. Tell them what I have told you, and they will find means of aiding me. Will you do it, Mace?"

"Yes, Miss Justine."

She walked away, turning after a few steps to call back to him:

"Let me know when Lady Bess is over her lameness, Mace. It is a month since I've been on her back, and I want one ride while these bright days last."

Mace understood her tactics when he saw that Finette had sauntered within earshot.

The latter accosted him with a volley of light chatter at her tongue's end.

It was a beautiful evening, and how could Monsieur Mace hide himself in that room while the sun was setting all in purple and red? Oh, what a lovely whip up there on the wall! and the young lady was very condescending, was she not, to stay talking with him so long? Was it really true, as she'd been told, that mademoiselle was a little touched here?—laying her finger on her brow. Odd, wasn't it, to think of riding so late in the season, with the road so lonely, too? For her part, she was partial to a carriage at all times. Did Miss Clare ever drive alone?—it was getting quite fashionable for young ladies to do so. What had she been saying to him, anyway?

All with an accompaniment of smiles, and flutters, and coquettish airs, that were quite lost on stolid Mace.

Miss Justine was quite friendly with them all, he assured her. Touched?—some thought so. She was rather odd and whimsical, but for his part he hoped it was nothing more. What had she said? Been teasing to take out Lady Bess, but he'd seen that it wasn't done; why, the road was frozen so that it was worse than cobblestone pavement, and every one knew that would use up a pacer.

And convinced that all was right, Finette fluttered back to the footman, who was much more to her mind, having meantime seen that Justine entered the house again.

The latter encountered Miss Gardiner on

the broad stairway, robed in full dinner-dress.

"*En toilette* already?" said Justine, carelessly, in passing. "I was wondering if you might not be needing your maid. I saw her just now promenading one of the garden walks."

"French maids, my dear, are often ornamental as useful," returned Miss Alethea, lightly. "I keep one because it is *au fait* to do so, but I don't let my own fingers forget the purpose they were made for. I'll send Finette to you if you care for her assistance, Justine."

"No, thank you. I'm going to Sylvie for a half-hour before I dress; I've scarcely had an uninterrupted chat with her since my return, and we were inseparable always before."

She passed on in the direction of the latter's apartments, but found them quite vacant.

She had been inexpressibly shocked at the change which had been effected in her friend during the few weeks of their separation. Sylvie's slight form had wasted, and her delicate face lost the faint flush of health, while she had gained an ethereal look and a solemn wistfulness in her big sunken blue eyes that half awed impulsive Justine.

The latter had not seen Lambert since her return. She still entertained a ranking of resentment notwithstanding the terrible calamity which had befallen him, and had persuaded her to avoid the apartments to which he was still confined. She turned toward them now, knowing that she would find Sylvie there.

The door opened noiselessly beneath her touch, and she stood on the threshold a moment, unseen by the occupants of the room.

All her resentment faded away at sight of that pitiable wreck.

Lambert reclined on a low couch with a pile of soft bright cushions at his back. His whole wealth of fair bright hair had been shorn close to his head; the long glistering side-whiskers that had been his pride were sacrificed as well. A zigzag scar of a vivid scarlet color marred his once-handsome face; but it was his eyes, fixed in a wide-open gaze upon his companion, that sent a thrill of infinite pity through Justine's heart. They reflected the same kind of pleading fondness which she had seen in those of some timid animal.

Sylvie was sitting by him; he was holding her hand, stroking it softly with his thin white fingers. She looked up but did not move as Justine came forward.

"I am glad you have come, dear," she said, quietly. "You were scarcely good friends with Percy when you went away, and now I know you will not feel any ill-will against him. He does not know you, poor fellow!"

"Poor fellow!" echoed Justine, with a sigh. "I was prepared for a change, but not for one so startling. Has he recognized one since his injury?"

"He knows me," returned Sylvie, and is always quite contented when I am with him. Look! I really believe he remembers you."

Justine spoke to him with her eyes suffused with tears.

Lambert looked at her with a troubled face, with a shifting, puzzled expression which for an instant had seemed almost like recognition.

"I thought I remembered something," he said, plaintively. "It was there, but it has gone again now."

"Try to think," said Justine. "You know me now, do you not? I am Justine; don't you remember?"

He shook his head slowly.

"Mr. Granville was gone a night and a day immediately afterward. Can you tell me where?"

"None of us knew. He set off in the late evening; what makes me remember so particular was that he wore that white overcoat he's not had on another time all the winter. It was while he was gone, too, that the infernal machine came to young Mr. Lambert. They say that the man who sent the box has as good as convicted himself."

"But, he may recover yet," said Justine, trying to speak hopefully. "Good medical advice has worked greater wonders before this."

Sylvie shook her head mournfully, and after lingering a moment more, Justine went silently away.

"How our lives grow tangled," she said to herself, with a sigh. "My poor Saint Sylvie, you are more to be pitied than even me."

The corridor was clear as she emerged from the room, and seeing this she darted toward a large stationary wardrobe which was built in a recess at the end of it.

She remembered having seen that handsome white overcoat with its trimmings of rich fur, hanging there.

It was there still, and she plunged her hands elbow-deep into one after another of the great pockets.

She found nothing but some bits of crumpled pasteboard crushed in the corner of one of them. With the insignificant trophies hidden in her hand, she hastened back to her chamber, encountering Finette near the door.

"Treachery for treachery," she said to herself, as she examined her prize.

"There was a punched railway ticket from Pittsburgh to Centretown, and the stamp upon it bore the date, "Nov. 30th."

It was the night of the box's thirteenth of November, that box had come to Lambert!

The other bit of pasteboard was merely a business card. Justine's first impulse was to file it upon the grate, but, reading the name upon it, a comprehensive light flashed into her eyes.

It was "James Wett, Locksmith, No. 9 Blank street, Pittsburgh."

She put the two securely away together.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### THE TRAP AND WHO IS CAUGHT IN IT.

MR. GRANVILLE returned in the gray dawn of the following morning. He was haggard, travel-stained and morose. He had scarcely slept or eaten; he had telegraphed to detectives in all the cities reached by direct line of travel from that section, to watch the different termini; he had made a flying visit to his lawyer, warning the latter to be upon his guard against an attempt which he had reason to believe would be made to establish an absurd but possibly troublesome charge against him.

"You are a good, faithful fellow, Mace, and I'll reward you if I ever come into my own. There; go away before it is discovered that you have spoken to me."

He turned away at her bidding, and just then closed the window.

"I'll escape from them yet, or break my neck in the attempt," she said, desperately.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 123.)

## Pearl of Pearls: CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "MOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE  
HUNCHBACK," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK  
CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

Now YOU'VE GOT HIM—NOW YOU HAVEN'T!

The tall man and the short man, who were in pursuit of Percy Wolfe, had been thrown off the scent by the latter's very unconsciousness of their presence and intentions.

Perhaps, had he known of what was progressing—that the two were so closely and significantly pursuing him—he would have gone straight to the depot from the hotel, to elude them—wherever they were, or whatever they wanted—for, under the existing state of affairs, he would not be detained by any thing in his resolution to go at once to Ingleside, where he would probably meet the party whose utterances had accidentally caused him much excitement.

The short man caught the 12:45 train, after a hard run, just as it was going out.

For some time he remained on the rear platform of the last car, to recover his breath.

Then he adjusted his collar, shook himself and prepared for "business"; for, notwithstanding the words of the servant at the National, he believed that the person he sought was on that train.

First, he drew forth a long, slim pocket-book. From this he extracted a card photograph; and at the latter he gazed hard for several seconds.

Restoring the articles to his breast pocket, he nodded his head in a satisfied way, entered the car, and began walking slowly along the aisle.

Every passenger was subjected to a momentary scrutiny by those small, sharp, piercing eyes. But he did not find the one he wanted.

The next car was gone through in the same way; and so on, until he reached the baggage-car. Then he retraced his steps, darting those keen, searching glances on every side.

When he again stood on the platform, he frowned, disappointedly.

"Not here, sure," he grunted. "It's too bad if we've lost him, after all the trouble we've had following him up! Just as we were about to clap hands on him, too. Bah!"

At the first opportunity, he found time to telegraph to the office of the National Hotel, in Washington; after which he took a seat in the smoking-car, to cogitate.

The tall man was soon before the door of Mrs. Rochester's house. But he saw that it was unoccupied, and concluded that he had either received the wrong direction or the "bird had flown."

After lingering awhile, he ordered the driver back to the hotel, where he walked, uneasily, back and forth, before the telegraph window, awaiting to hear from his partner; for he knew that the latter, if he caught the train, would send word here of his success.

"Is there any thing here for Neal Hardress?" he asked, at length.

"Neal Hardress?" repeated the man. "Neal—yes; there's something coming in now."

"Ah!" His face brightened.

"Wait a moment, please." And when the message was received, he asked: "Are you the gentleman?"

"Yes. Let me hear it."

The message was brief, disappointing, interrogative, as follows:

"Smoking-car, 12:45 train,  
Not on this train. Shall I take 2 P. M. cars  
back, or wait at depot? Telegraph to Relay."

"Kirk Brand,"

The tall man immediately telegraphed to the Relay House, to intercept the train:

"Go on. Meet me at depot."

For something whispered to him that the man they wanted was no longer in Washington, then he ordered a cab, and was driven to the depot, intending to take the 3 o'clock train.

As he loitered on the platform, he noticed a party who was walking rapidly to and fro, puffing clouds of smoke from a meerschaum pipe. At first he paid him no particular attention; but, at one time, the smoker came quite close, before he turned, and, by force of habit, the tall man bestowed a scrutinizing glance upon him.

Instantly he started, looked again and closer; then he drew a photograph out of his pocket, and divided his glances between this and—Percy Wolfe.

In a moment his quick eye caught sight of a faint scar, half-hidden by a newly encouraged beard; and in another moment a complacent smile settled on his face, as he knew that Pearl was not there, and was not expected.

She knew not what to make of it. And this was the enigma which absorbed her as she mused on, unconscious of the form that was near her.

After awhile, and just as Wolfe had made up his mind to address her, she raised her eyes.

Some magnetic power drew her gaze directly to him, and their glances met. It was not a momentary glance; they looked fully at each other, as if mutually held by a strange, inexplicable influence.

He was first to speak. With a slightly flushed face, he advanced.

"Madam, or Miss, I hope you will pardon me, but I—I—" he broke short.

That influence was weird and overwhelming.

As he gazed into the expressive gray eyes, that were fastened on his face, there was a fascination weaving its network through his senses, a something warm and nameless thrilled in his veins, and he could say no more.

Suddenly she saw the scar which had been Neal Hardress's clue.

Her eyes widened; her lips moved—there was a faint articulation which he could not hear.

He never experienced such sensations, in all his life, as shot through him then, while

On one finger Wolfe wore a magnificent cluster-diamond ring. This was the final argument to convince Neal Hardress that he was not mistaken; for the moment his wearer drew off his glove, the detective exclaimed, mentally:

"The very ring Herod Dean was seen to wear a hundred times!"

But Percy Wolfe never once dreamed of the surveillance being put upon him. As the reader knows, his whole mind was absorbed with the entanglements that were crossing his mission in that vicinity.

When the train arrived at the Camden station the first thing Neal Hardress saw was his partner, Kirk Brand.

He signaled him at once.

"What's up?" asked Brand, as he joined him, for he saw that Hardress meant caution.

"We've got him!" was the whispered reply, as he hurried his companion along.

"Eh? No! Where is he?"

"There!"

Percy Wolfe wore a heavy, dark-blue overcoat, with velvet collar, a pair of light cloth pants; a black, low-crowned hat and carried a small leather satchel.

To such a personage, just ahead of them, Hardress pointed.

"Is that him?" interrogated Brand.

"For certain! I've had my eyes on him ever since I reached the depot, where I went after answering your telegram."

"So! What now, then?"

"Gobble him!"

"Now—here?"

"Right away! You grab one side, and I'll grab the other. After him!"

The two stepped briskly forward.

Suddenly the individual with the satchel was startled by the fall of a heavy hand on each shoulder, while Hardress growled in his ear:

"Percy! Percy! don't, you know, me?"

With a cry of astonishment, the party turned.

And the two detectives echoed that cry, with a simultaneous exclamation—for the man was not Percy Wolfe!

They were baffled again.

CHAPTER XVII.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

PERCY WOLFE, on leaving the cars, hastened out at the main entrance of the depot, where he was immediately secured for the Fountain Hotel, by that good-natured negro who is known by the glaring badges he wears, as "Chief Justice of all the Porters."

Any one who has traveled to any extent in the South, knows the "Chief"—the man who has lifted more trunks, knows more of Depot life, is a better hand at drawing custom, can talk louder and longer, is more polite, and has more friends than any other member of his own race connected with R. R. affairs.

But Wolfe did not remain long in his room at the Fountain.

The best part of the afternoon was before him, and much could be accomplished in that time.

After a hearty meal he set out for Catonsville, to visit Ingleside; and, in due time he reached that admirable institution.

Imagine his astonishment when he learned that Pearl Rochesterine was not there, never had been, nor was such a pupil expected at all.

But his heart gave a bound when he heard that there was another, at that moment in the building, who had come upon an errand similar to his own.

"A lady?—a—"

"Yes," was the reply.

This must be the mysterious party whom he sought, the one whose utterances, on the night previous, contained so great an import to him.

He could hardly be patient. He must see her at once—and requested this.

Then, when the messenger came back with the announcement that the lady had left for the station, just as he came in, his anxiety to be off was such that he stuttered and stammered the necessary apologies, and finally ran from the reception room to his conveyance, which was waiting outside.

"Back—back to the station!" he cried.

"Ply your whip, boy! Go!"

And the horses started at a tearing pace, while Percy Wolfe fidgeted nervously from side to side on his seat.

Three-quarters of the distance had been gone over, when the boy asked: "Do you want to catch the next car to town, Mis—"

"Yes."

"Then we haven't got much time."

"Go! go!" urged the boy.

"Go it is!" yelled the boy, as Percy played at an additional dollar.

The whip was laid on till the horses broke into a gallop.

Among several passengers who were waiting, there was one female.

She seemed anxious to avoid observation, stood to one side, and he marked that her head was hung in thought.

"That's her!" fell involuntarily from his lips.

But now that the sought-for party was before him, half his fiery impulse deserted him.

He kept near to his spotted game. Not a movement made by Percy Wolfe was lost by the watchful detective.

When Wolfe bought his ticket, the other was right behind him. And Neal Hardress felt relieved of a sudden uneasiness, that had come upon him, when he saw that the young man was going no further than Baltimore.

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"Got him, sure!" thought the detective, exultantly, as he dogged the motions of his man. "Just wait till we reach Baltimore. Um!—Um! If Kirk was only here now! But, I guess he goes on the next train—and if he does, we'll nab him at Baltimore."

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"It is well," said Charlotte Lacy. "To-night we will arrange the details."

And then she turned round to Everard, who had understood not a word so far of the rapid French, and had stood wondering while the colloquy was going on.

"Come, Mr. Barbour," she said, as composedly as if in her own parlor in Philadelphia, "let us enter the house and partake of our good Madame Montour's hospitality. She has treated you somewhat roughly, perhaps, but she is a good soul at bottom, this Madame Montour, and you will look different when we have made a Seneca of you. Come, Black Eagle, your wish is granted, and now you must be friends with the young white chief. I say it."

Black Eagle bowed with the courtesy he always exhibited to these two ladies, and answered in tolerable English:

"Black Eagle is glad to see the little chief. He brave little chief, and fight well. Shake hands, brudder."

Everard took the hand of the tall chief, and could not help whispering to Miss Lacy, as they walked toward the house:

"A noble chief, Miss Lacy."

"He is," she answered. "He and Brant are exceptions to the general run of Indians, like our fierce Montour here."

They were several paces in advance, and Everard asked, cautiously:

"Why do you call her Montour? and what in Heaven's name is the secret of your power here, Miss Lacy?"

Charlotte smiled proudly.

"In this valley," she said, "and in many another place, I represent an organization which sways chiefs and queens; ay, woman as I am, there is a realm that my brain alone controls, for my king's service; and your Congress shall yet own that it is a realm of power. Ask no more questions, Everard Barbour, but thank Heaven that you found me here to save your life. I call the woman chief Madame Montour, because it is her name, outside of the tribes. How like you her home in the Glen?"

"It is most lovely," said Everard, looking round the rocky amphitheater with admiration. "I have never seen a more beautiful spot. Does it extend much further?"

"Fully a mile. You shall see it all to-morrow with me," she answered, with a charming smile. "It will look none the less beautiful, will it?"

"Nay, but the pleasure will be so much the greater," he answered. And then they entered the house, which they found full of handsome Indian girls, who came forward to wait on their queen and her guests, with alacrity.

Queen Esther now, still more to Everard's astonishment, developed a new character. She became a hospitable hostess, conversing fluently in French and English, and displaying a softness and grace of manner that rivaled Miss Lacy herself. Nothing perhaps was stranger about this remarkable woman than her adaptability. She had been in Philadelphia some years before, with the other chiefs of the Six Nations, and had been remarked for her exquisite softness of manner, that told of the breeding of high society. Catherine Montour had not forgotten the palace in the wig-wam.

Her house, though handsome, was rather desolate of furniture, the floors being bare, and the skins of animals forming almost the only seats, except in Queen Esther's own apartments; but the food brought in by the servants was abundant and delicate, and Everard retired to rest that night, feeling that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, for he was treated as a friend by all the Indians around.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### DOUBLE-DEATH'S DISCOVERY.

At the same time that Everard Barbour was enjoying the reaction from hostility to hospitality in the glen of Sheshequin, Marian Neilson depressed in spirits and almost broken-hearted, thinking her lover dead, was slowly journeying toward Albany, under the escort of a small party of military, up the line of the old Albany Post Road. The necessities of the times had caused her to be delayed for some days on the road, and it was only the paternal kindness of Washington himself that enabled her to be traveling now. She had been brought to his head-quarters, at that time near Morristown, New Jersey, and the kind heart of the Commander-in-chief had been touched by her distresses, while the ladies of Morristown had hastened to supply her necessities with every generosity. Availing himself of the opportunity of a party going toward Albany with funds to pay the troops stationed there, the General had offered to send poor Marian home under their escort as far as they went; and, at his own earnest desire, Double-Death had been detailed to act as scout for the party, with permission to see Marian to her own home, after which he was to return, having six weeks further granted him to report in.

Tim effected his purpose in safety, without any extraordinary adventure, and in about three weeks from the time of leaving Morristown, Marian was home again, clasped in her mother's arms. Many and sad were the griefs then, over the terrible tidings she had to impart, of so many relatives and friends massacred at Wyoming; and heavy was the anxiety of all as to the fate, probable and shocking, of the captive lover.

Tim Murphy found it difficult to tear himself away from the sorrowing family; and when he at last turned his horse's head toward the south, it was with a formed resolution, which had been floating in his mind for some time, to seek for Everard, and ascertain his fate at all hazards. The scout was just the man to do this. Quick, ready and adaptable, a perfect Indian linguist, he had made up his mind to penetrate the Gennesee valley, and find Everard, dead or alive, before he returned.

Double-Death was well mounted and armed. He rode the magnificent charger that had come into Everard's possession so mysteriously in Philadelphia, and carried a pair of double-barreled pistols, besides his own famous rifle. In those days long before revolvers were thought of, such an equipment rendered its wearer sufficiently formidable to cope with several men, if he was a good shot and cool and bold as Tim Murphy.

Tim turned his horse away from the Neilson's house, and took the road leading south to Albany, till he was out of sight. He did not propose to reveal his plan to any one. As soon as the woods hid him from sight he left the road, and took up his journey by bridle-paths that led due west, toward the Mohawk river. The country here was wild and uncultivated for many miles, and the

way led into the heart of what had been, not long before, the Indian territory. Johnstown, the next village, was the ancient residence of Sir William Johnson, the British agent, who had lived there in baronial splendor for many years; and his son, Sir John Johnson, an inveterate Tory, was supposed to be hovering about there, even now. The only American settlements, feeble and scattered as those were, indeed, were Fort Plain and Cherry Valley.

But Tim Murphy was not the man to be daunted by any country, however full of danger. The scout rode steadily on, the rest of the day, at a rapid pace, wherever the path was open, and, toward evening had emerged from the underwood that told of the neighboring settlements, and entered the primeval forest, where the trees stood in rows of columns for miles, and the way between them was all open. He had left Johnson Hall to his rear, and made his evening camp by the borders of the Mohawk river.

Tim had taken the precaution, before starting, of putting a saucy of grain on his horse's back, besides his own provisions, and found the benefit of his foresight now. He did not dare to make a fire, for certain signs he had seen, convinced him that Indian war-parties were around. He unsaddled his horse, and fed the animal plentifully, and then started on foot for a tour of observation, to find if there were any near, whose vicinity might be dangerous. As the sun went down, and the forest became dark, the chorus of frogs and katydids around assured him that all was right for the present, and after a brief tour he returned, and ate his supper in peace. A second time did the wary scout set forth on his reconnoitering trip before he thought of sleep, though he had ridden sixty miles that day; and this time he was rewarded for his vigilance. As he ascended a little rise of ground covered with trees, he caught sight, a long way off, of a bright light among the tree-trunks, which he knew at once to be a camp-fire.

"Now, who the devil's that?" soliloquized Mr. Murphy, reflectively. "Injuns, by the mark that played before Moses! No white men would be campin' out here, av they wasn't born fools. Timothy, me boy, let's go on a little voyage of discovery towards them gentlemen. I know ye're tired, Mr. Murphy, but av ye was to wake up to-morrow mornin' without a scalp, may be y'd never be tired again, and y'd never see Mr. Everard. So, Tim, ye blackguard, git up and travel."

As he spoke, he was cautiously descending the hill toward the distant fire, his rifle ready for immediate use, stepping cautiously. It was a time of year peculiarly favorable for a silent advance, for the last year's leaves were fully rotted away, and the moss was smooth and soft under foot. Tim advanced in true borderer style, his keen black eyes roving here and there, sheltering himself behind every tree as he went, and carefully scanning the ground ahead of him, ere venturing to cross it. In this way it took him near an hour before he came anywhere near the fire, and could distinguish the figures around it. When he did, he halted behind a tree, and took a long and careful observation, before going any nearer. There were several dark figures passing and repassing before a large camp-fire. What surprised the scout was, that they were not Indians, but whites, from their dress.

Tim Murphy now went down on hands and knees, and crawled slowly nearer to the fire, with the patience and caution of an Indian hunter, resolved to find out for himself the mystery of the fire. If white men were there, they were probably Tories, for Americans would be in their homes. As Tim came nearer, he perceived that the men wore ordinary civilian dress, and had the appearance of servants. Near the fire, was a female figure, with the white cap and apron of a French waiting-maid. Tim rubbed his eyes at first, thinking he must be dreaming, but the fact was too visible to be gainsayed. There was a regular smart French maid sitting by a camp-fire in the wild woods, tending a small coffee-pot. Tim pursued his researches still closer, greatly interested, till he was near enough to hear conversation. Then it was that, casting his eyes forward through the woods, beyond the fire, another object met his view, that caused him more astonishment than ever. It was nothing else than a large old-fashioned traveling carriage, drawn up in the shade of the woods, with several horses feeding near it. "An old cold woman travelin' for her health, bedad!" muttered the scout to himself. "And I've talk all this trouble, thinkin' they was Indians. By the howly poker, she must be a square crature, whoever travels out here in this fashion! Mr. Murphy, there's something divilish square about this. We'll go a little nearer."

And Double-Death looked sharply round him, and then crawled over, snake-fashion, to the bough of an immense tree, with roots standing up out of the ground so as to make an excellent cover. The tree itself was not more than sixty feet from the fire, and Tim saw that it was as near as he dared go. He could catch the sound of voices, and a considerable chatter it was too, from the servants passing and repassing, but he could not understand much of it, as the language was a barbarous Canadian French. Tim could make out a few words here and there, but no sense.

They appeared to be busy preparing supper for some one in the carriage, for a camp-table was spread out beyond the fire, and dishes were being set out. Presently Tim heard a female voice from the carriage itself, crying: "Francoise! Francoise! Nez tu pas prete encore?"

The French maid jumped up with a quick:

"Oui, Madame la comtesse. Oui, toute de suite. On a servir."\*

Tim, though he did not understand, was yet struck with the difference of accent and purity of speech of the two females, from the rough *hablans* around them.

"Bedad, thim's French ladies," he said to himself, and watched anxiously to see what followed.

The smart French maid hurried to the carriage now, and assisted therewith from an elderly lady, whose face Tim could not plainly see, till she was seated at the table. Then the borderer had a full opportunity of inspecting face and figure, and the result increased his astonishment.

He crept around the base of the swell instead, glancing ahead and upward as he went, till he came close to the spot where he had left his horse.

There stood the animal, tied to a tree, as he had left him, with the saddle and trap.

\* "Fanny! Fanny! Are you not ready yet?"

"Yes, madame the countess, yes, in a minute. Supper's ready."

built up in a tower, in the Pompadour style then prevalent, and surrounded by a black satin hood. The old lady was very richly dressed, jewels glittering on neck and hands, while the buckles of her high-heeled shoes were set with diamonds. Something in her face seemed to be familiar to Tim, but he could not recall it clearly, and he watched the old lady with more than ordinary interest as she proceeded to sup, in a style of elegance and luxury such as Tim had never witnessed in the wilderness.

It was very tantalizing to Double-Death to be so near, to hear every thing and not understand a word of the conversation, for the servants were all still now, and nothing was audible but the clear precise accents of the old lady with more than ordinary interest as she spoke to Francoise, and the latter was as she replied to her mistress.

Tim was beginning to think of returning to his horse, and letting the queer party go, when he heard the rapid foot of a man coming into camp on the other side, at the peculiar lope of an Indian, and in a moment more a tall, magnificently framed warrior, in the full regalia of an Indian chief, strode rapidly into the little camp, and grounded the butt of his long rifle in front of the table. His back was turned to Tim as he stood there, but the latter recognized his equipments at once, as belonging to the Senecas.

The old countess looked up, and without any apparent surprise, observed, quietly: "C'est bien bon, mon ami. Qu'est ce qu'il y a de nouveau, ce soir?"\*

The chief replied in broken French, which Murphy did not understand, and seemed to be giving an account of where he had been and what he had seen. Toward the end he gilded into the Seneca language, as if the difficulty of a foreign tongue had become too irksome; and then Tim heard something that made him start and look round apprehensively.

"We found the track of a horse," the chief was saying, "and followed it to the river, where we found the beast tied to a tree, with no master. My warriors are on the master's trail now, but the night is so dark that they may not find him before morning. Otherwise the country is still, and there is no danger."

"The eyes of my brother are clear, and he is a great warrior," replied the lady in the same tongue, which she seemed to speak like a native. "It is some scout or hunter perhaps, and if we catch him, you know what to do."

"I know," said the Indian, proudly. "Keep his tongue still. When the way is dark, and the tongue must be forked, the tomahawk settles the spy and the babbler. It is well. Let the queen sleep in peace. Her sons are around her camp to keep off the spy."

"I know," said the Indian, proudly. "Keep his tongue still. When the way is dark, and the tongue must be forked, the tomahawk settles the spy and the babbler. It is well. Let the queen sleep in peace. Her sons are around her camp to keep off the spy."

He turned away and left the camp, in the direction in which he had come. As for Tim, he had heard enough to realize that his horse was captured, and men on his own trail. As the Indian chief stood with his back to him, the borderer had more than once covered him with his rifle, almost resolved to shoot him, and escape in the confusion. And yet something restrained Tim's hand, what he could not have told you, which was but the instinctive reluctance to commit a cold-blooded murder.

Although he had not seen the face of the Indian, yet there had been something so noble and stately in his appearance that Tim had involuntarily conceived quite an admiration for him. At the same time he realized that he had no time to lose in getting away from the dangerous vicinity of the camp, the more so as enemies were doubtless concentrating upon him already, and the chief was in all probability even now making a circuit of the camp, out of the dangerous glare of the firelight.

As noiselessly as he had come, Tim slipped away from the tree, and crawled off in the direction of his advance, till he thought himself safe, when he rose and looked back. The camp was all still, and the servants were gathered near the table, while he could distinguish the form of the old lady leaning on a crutch-handled stick and moving slowly toward the carriage, assisted by Francoise.

It was evident that he had not been observed, and the borderer struck off through the woods toward the river, flitting silently from tree to tree, and leaving his old track to the right. In this he was but following an old Indian trick, doubling on his own trail so as to see who was following it. He also put the light of the fire beyond any of his pursuers, so that if they came forward they might be revealed to him.

Pretty soon, as he stole from tree to tree, he realized the benefit of his caution, when he caught sight of a little group of figures on the very place where he had been about an hour before, evidently following his track. In this he was but following an old Indian trick, doubling on his own trail so as to see who was following it. He also put the light of the fire beyond any of his pursuers, so that if they came forward they might be revealed to him.

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Tim crept quietly to himself, and placed his thumb to his nose, as he looked at the shadowy figures of the distant trail.

He could count seven men altogether, and had it not been for his horse, the daring borderer would have attacked them then and there, with the surprise in his favor.

Tim was too anxious to recover his animal to fire a shot. He knew that those in charge of the horse would be at once put on the alert by the noise, and probably carry him off, while Tim was just as determined to get his steed back.

"And av there's no more than sivin' av them," muttered Tim, "I'll go bail to bag the whole of them."

He crawled off between the trees, carefully keeping his body out of the speckled moonlight that lay on the greenward, and now every and then pausing to look back till the trailers were fairly between him and the fire. Then he rose to his feet and went swiftly off, flitting from tree to tree till he reached the same trail once more, and stood in the footstep of his pursuers, now broad and easily traced. He had determined to enter his own camp in that manner, as the Indians would be likely to guard all quarters better than that by which they expected their friends.

He stole rapidly along, till he began to recognize the swell of ground from which he had seen the fire, and he resolved, very prudently, that it was not advisable to cross this swell. The necessity of caution had become imperative.

He crept around the base of the swell instead, glancing ahead and upward as he went, till he came close to the spot where he had left his horse.

There stood the animal, tied to a tree, as he had left him, with the saddle and trap.

\* "Fanny! Fanny! Are you not ready yet?"

"Yes, madame the countess, yes, in a minute. Supper's ready."

\* "That's you, my friend. What news to-night?"

pings lying by it exactly as he had left them, and not a trace of a human being near.

Tim Murphy put his finger on the side of his nose and muttered:

"Maybe ye think I'm a fule, Mr. Injun, and maybe ye'll find I ain't such a fule as I luk, bedad."

The astute scout was well aware that the seeming quietude of the scene was only a snare to draw him on, and that his approach to the horse would be a signal for a shot from the thicket. The question remained, how many Indians were on the watch for him, and whether he had been seen as yet. He was about sixty yards from the horse, and commenced a cautious circuit around the neighborhood, expecting every moment to see a dark form start from behind a tree, and the fight to begin. Tim was beginning to be puzzled, for the first time in his woodcraft, perhaps. Where the Indians were hidden was a mystery to him, until he happened to come once more to the foot of the little slope of ground, and look up against the sky line. The figures were all covered with jewels, and, as she leaned on Marian to enter the house, she bore the appearance of a frail, delicate old lady of the proud noblesse of France, aristocratic to her finger-tips.

Marian was so shy and embarrassed at the presence of this imposing lady, that she hardly dared to look at her face for some time, and then she was called away by father and mother to attend to preparing supper, and that no light meal, but one for about a dozen persons. For it turned out that the countess had, besides herself and the two outriders, two more postillions, two footmen, and a smart French maid, Françoise by name, who insisted on helping "Mademoiselle Marian" with her preparations, and jabbering broken English to her, in praise of "dat dear comtesse, dat sweet comtesse," all the while.

Whenever Marian came near the countess, the latter professed to be enraptured with her, and confused her dreadfully with profuse compliments, all of which kept Marian too busy to examine the countess critically till after darkness had set in, and candles were lit. It was not till the dishes were washed and put away, and a hush had come on the little household, that the girl took an opportunity for a good, long look at their new friend. Something in the face seemed familiar to her, and yet she could not tell what it was. Before she could settle it in her own mind, the sharp black eyes of the old lady flashed a merry, wicked glance at her.

"Ah, my little cat!" said the countess, smiling; "so you would look at the old lady for a while, to see if you like her? Well, my child, they used to tell me I was pretty once, and I believed it, but no one calls me a pretty old lady any more now. Dat is all gone, just like your bloom will fade some day, child, and you will be old and wrinkled like me. Monsieur Neilson, indeed you have von very pretty little daughter dere—charmant, monsieur, charmant!"

## WHAT MR. BROWN THINKS AND WHAT HIS NEIGHBORS THINK.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

How blest am I! My neighbors think  
There's none like Mr. Brown.  
(They know his name, and they say he is  
The meanest man in town.)  
They look upon my honesty.  
As something 'most unreal.  
(Quite so, they say they cannot swear  
That Mr. Brown won't steal.)

To do their best to honor me—  
I'm sure that each one tries.  
(They know he is a man of  
Brimstone would take a rise.)  
That I'm a true man of my word  
They long have understood.  
(They say the same themselves, but add  
His word is never good.)

They know me made of metal true  
(They know me not before.  
(They say he is a man of  
He is a splendid owner.)  
They know I live without a care,  
Light-hearted is my laughter.  
(They say he's having more fun now  
Than he will have hereafter.)

They envy me my lordly ease  
(They say he is the lastest man  
That draws the breath of life.)  
And if from here I should depart  
Their sorrows who could measure  
(They heard them say, in such a case  
They'd mourn his loss with pleasure.)

## Mohenesto:

OR,

## Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,  
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

II.—Trapping on Wind River. Trapping Beaver.  
"Signs," Food and Habits of the Beaver. Beaver  
Dams. Society among the Beavers. Super-  
stitions of the Trappers. The Labor of Trap-  
ping. Tricks of the Beaver. Dress of the  
Trapper. A Strange Visitor. His Story.

The winter succeeding my escape from the Sioux, I was engaged in trapping upon the upper waters of the Wind river. Aside from the usual routine of setting traps, stretching furs, and hunting, there was nothing to relieve the monotony of life; and it was not surprising that my thoughts should often wander away to the little squaw I had left among the Tetons. Sioux. I must confess they were often thoughts of regret, and I was frequently tempted to return to the tribe.

For the information of those who desire to know, and especially for the benefit of the young enthusiast, who has read so many novels of hunter and trapper life that he is fully resolved to be a trapper himself, I will describe about what he will have to encounter, and some of the labor he must perform. Trapping in a down-east drawing-room, and trapping in the Mountains of the West are altogether different sports.

In trapping beaver, the first thing is to look for "signs." Now this word *signs* conveys but a vague idea of its all-important meaning: for it is by signs that the whole life of the hunter and trapper is governed. He has his "sign" of Indians, of deer, or bear, and of every living thing he expects to meet, and it is only by a strict examination of these signs that he is enabled to make his way through an Indian country—on the war-path, or in pursuit of almost any kind of game. The first lesson of the young trapper, therefore, must be to learn what signs are, that he may be enabled to find the haunts of any particular game. It rarely happens that the beaver can be seen, either on the river banks, or in the water; for nature has given him no powerful weapons with which to defend himself when surprised and attacked, but what is better, she has endowed him with the most sensitive eyesight and hearing, which enables the beaver to detect the approach of danger in time to escape.

The marks, or more properly, the "signs" which he leaves behind are, for a time at least, ineffaceable. These are only to be detected and used for his own purposes by the superior skill of the trapper. The unequalled industry of gnawing down trees, and cutting twigs, peeling off the tender bark of the willow bushes, digging away banks, and carrying on their shovel-shaped tails the dirt, together with the innumerable footprints and sometimes dams, are some of the items which fill up the trapper's catalogue of "signs."

These signs may not always be found together, but instead, they may each exist separately, and thus inform the hunter that game is close at hand. The little twig as it floated down the stream, with the bark half gnawed off, would go unheeded by the casual observer, but to the trapper it is a prize to be obtained; for, by its freshness it indicates to his mind how near he is to the chance of adding another pound of valuable fur to his stock on hand. To the trapper this simple event, or something similar, as for instance a fresh footprint, with its well defined claw-marks, molded in the damp mud or sand, is of more importance than the ingenious workmanship exhibited in the construction of a dam; for the dam may be an old one, and perhaps deserted, while the gnawed twig would be of such a recent occurrence that he could not be deceived.

It is a popular idea that beavers build their dams for the purpose of making a swimming pond in the vicinity of their residence; which is not true, for in every stream which he inhabits, if this is his sole object, he could select many natural places where the water is broad and deep, and without a ripple. The object of the animal is to provide against the pinching wants of hunger during the long winter, when every thing green has lost its sap and nutrition, and is as a body, without food and animation.

He therefore selects a place favorable for obtaining food, and also where his labors will be assisted by natural formations or accidents in the river's course and construction. Having selected the right place to build, he sets to work with his fellows and falls large trees. In this he again shows his wonderful instinct, for while one party are cutting with their sharp teeth the hard wood of one side of the tree, another division are just as actively employed on the other side, never forgetting to make, like a good wood-chopper, the lowest incision on the side the tree is to fall, which to suit their purpose is always directly into and across the stream.

When a tree is thus fallen, it is attacked in its branches, which are so turned and woven together in the outline of the dam, as to catch in their meshes any floating material, or receive the tail loads of soil and rubbish which they carry to it.

Another and another tree is then systematically fallen and arranged as was the

first, until the work is finished as completely as if it had been planned and executed by a reasoning mind. The finishing stroke is the transporting of the mud and laying it, and in this labor they show themselves to be excellent masons. They now act in concert, like so many "Heathen Chinee" on a railroad grade. A large gang marches in a line to the bank, where they load each other's tails, and swim with their cargoes elevated above the water. When they arrive at an unfinished place in the dam, they dump the mud and mold it in its place.

Their houses they have previously built in the river banks. They consist of holes which lead into large and airy subterranean rooms, and which are above the water-mark. In these houses they sleep and live in pairs; and if all accounts are true, they imitate human beings in managing their households and in keeping house. The main object they have in staying the current of the stream is to afford a deep place where, having fallen numbers of trees, the deep water will preserve tender and fresh the limbs and shrubs on which to subsist during the present time, and also the time to come.

It is well known that fresh branches of trees and young willows, when placed in water, will keep up partial life for a long time. On this principle the beaver acts in submerging his food deep in the water where it will retain its verdure, and where the freezing process that is going on at the surface of the river will not hinder his efforts in getting at his store of provisions during the winter season. The beaver even goes so far, as to bundle up small branches of trees and willows, which he stows away in the muddy bottom of the river.

I have met with old trappers who insist that there are grades of society among beavers the same as among men; and they will have it that the beavers have their "head chiefs," and that often individual beavers roll in wealth, and that they have slaves who stand ready to do their master's bidding at a moment's warning; for instance, to bring them a bundle of green twigs on which to feast. According to their imaginative stories, the life of a beaver can not be rivaled in happiness; and if we could put full faith in their description

stretched out, dried, cured and packed in small bales, whenever a sufficient quantity is obtained so to do with it.

The flavor of the meat of the beaver is not very palatable, and trappers seldom use it; never when they can get any thing better. But they are very partial to beaver tails, which, when properly cooked, are a great delicacy. The business of trapping for beaver is no child's play. A person unaccustomed to it would probably look upon it as a very difficult task. A single trial is usually sufficient to satisfy the uninformed on this point; for the beaver, above all, is a creature of habit; yet, more than all, wondering who this man could be who seemed my exact counterpart. While these thoughts were passing through my mind he threw off his blanket, and, sitting up, he looked at me for a moment, and seeing that I was awake, he asked: "Are you a Freemason?" I told him I was, and, without another word, he laid down and went to sleep.

In the morning I replenished the fire, and soon had a liberal supply of antelope steak on the coals, and waking him, invited him to eat. He remained with me about two months, and accompanied me in the spring (1869) to Fort Aspen, on the Sweetwater. He is now in Colorado, doing a thriving business. The story of his life was a common, though sad one; the old story of a man's love and a woman's inconstancy.

A year before he had been a resident of a small hamlet in Oswego county, N. Y., a happy husband and father. He was an artist by profession, but, from some misfortune or mismanagement, he had never prospered. He needed money; he was tempted, and he fell. The worst feature of the affair was that the temptation was offered by his most intimate friend, and that friend a brother mason! I pitied, but could not blame him. When, under the pressure of some sudden or seductive temptation, a man—a strong man, perhaps—goes down, the air is full of reproaches and marvels at his weakness or wickedness. Every one is sure he could have withstood the temptation, and talks volubly of what he should do in such and such cases, were he in such and such a one's place. Doubtless he is honest in his belief, for very few know themselves thoroughly. God pity them if they fall; their fellows will not.

All the bitterness of struggle, all the pas-

himself, and thinking that, perhaps, there might be a sore spot in his heart, as well as in my own, I refrained from asking any questions.

I proposed that we go to sleep, and to this he assented, first asking, "Am I welcome?" I assured him he was, and we lay down.

For a long time I was kept awake, thinking on the singularity of the occurrence, and wondering whether this wif of humanity was being wafted; yet, more than all, wondering who this man could be who seemed my exact counterpart.

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to a wife and establishment—well, it would n't do for me."

Mr. Kenneth Mayfield was looking very seriously at the landscape at his side of the carriage, while Corey spoke.

"Y-e-s, I really think it wouldn't do for you. You are hardly domestic enough in your feelings, while at the same time you have no right to go flirting about as you do, first this pretty face, then that."

Roselyn laughed lightly.

"Such a soberness as yourself is scarcely a judge in such matters, although I suppose even you will not disdain to attend Miss Elgin's reception at Viewlands—if you are honored—hello, there!"

All of a sudden the ponies he was driving shied at an unsightly stump on the roadside, and bounded affrighted forward.

There was a momentary flutter of a gray dress, a little scream, a fall, a scramble in the dust, and just as Kenneth Mayfield sprung to the ground to the rescue of the girl, Corey succeeded in reining in his ponies. "Confound the luck! Bonny Belle's—but Kenneth's voice interrupted him.

"Never mind the horses now, Roselyn. We've nearly run over this young girl—  
you're sure you are not hurt in the least?"

And Kenneth turned solicitously toward her.

"Oh, not at all, only very much frightened."

It was not a beautiful face that was turned toward Corey Roselyn; there was too vivid a sunburn on the cheeks, and the hair too frowsy. Sundry blackberry stains on both face, dress and hands added to the general *negligé* of appearance—so Corey Roselyn turned his attention again to Bonny Belle.

"Come along, Ken," he said, after a moment or two, "it's getting toward six. Where's the use fussing over a blackberry girl? we'll come across scores of them, I'll warrant."

She shot him a sudden, piercing glance, then, before his own half-petulant eyes, dropped hers.

"Pert, into the bargain," he muttered.

"Here, sis, take this quarter for the berries we've upset. Now come along, Ken."

The girl dropped a courtesy for the money, and with a little nod to Kenneth, crossed over the roadside into the path, and walked rapidly away.

It was a magnificent place, as Kenneth Mayfield had said, was "Viewlands," with its beauties of park and parterre, its miniature lakes and islands, arbors and summer-houses, shady alleys and sunny glades; its fountains, marble-floored halls, its wide bay-windows, rare conservatories. And to-night, when Miss Elgin gave her first reception after her three years' tour in Germany, Viewlands was a perfect fairy land; and among the fairies, Gussie Elgin reigned queen supreme.

Few of her guests had ever seen her before, and among the gentlemen there was a perfect *furor*.

Such rare, *petite* beauty as Gussie Elgin's never was matched. She was the tiniest little thing, with a complexion the tints of wine-dashed snow. Eyes large and darkly blue, and short, wavy hair of pale, flossy gold.

In her trailing white dress, with its pale pink moss roses, the only ornaments, Gussie Elgin was the fairest of the fair, and among all the hearts laid on her shrine at first sight, Corey Roselyn's might have been ranked first and foremost.

"Isn't she divine?" he whispered to Kenneth, as the two feasted their eyes on her spirituelle face.

"Divine!" echoed Kenneth, "she's an angel!"

"And I've succeeded in obtaining her hand for the third Lanciers—don't you envy me? I tell you what it is, Ken, I'm going in for Viewlands and the charming proprietress, *entre nous*."

"Oh, Mr. Roselyn! I'm so glad you have come in time for a little chat before the dance. Shall we sit down by the window? Somehow you seem so like some one I met once before."

And the bewitching little lady leaned more heavily on his arm, and looked up into his face with the most captivating glances imaginable.

"I'm sure I never before had the delight of meeting you, Miss Elgin. If I had I should have improved it long before now."

"Yes!" and Gussie laughed lightly. "Oh, Mr. Roselyn, do tell me who the fine-looking gentleman is, yonder?—the one with the dark, serious eyes, and heavy beard. He was with you the—when you came this evening."

A sudden little hesitancy in her speech; but Corey was too intoxicated to observe it.

"He—oh! that is Mr. Mayfield, I believe, a solemn sort of fellow—not at all your style, Miss Elgin."

"But I admire solemn gentlemen; especially when they are of sympathetic disposition. A kind word is more than money, Mr. Roselyn."

Somehow Corey wondered "what she was acting at," and he assented very gravely. "That indeed it was true."

"Then, Mr. Roselyn, take my advice and remember to practice it."

He bowed, utterly at a loss to follow her meaning.

"Really, Miss Elgin, though it is very pleasant for me to follow whatever course you dictate, I cannot imagine wherein I have erred."

She smiled, a little distantly, this time.

"Will this jog your memory?" She held a twenty-five cent stamp before his eyes.

"The day I went blackberrying you gave it to me, and I shall keep it always. Now, will you introduce me to Mr. Mayfield?"

Corey Roselyn did not soon forget his lesson, and although still hunting for a rich wife, he takes care what he says to people, as he expects to come across a princess in disguise one of these days.

At Dunstable, Mass., in 1651, dancing at weddings was forbidden; in 1660 William Walker was imprisoned one month for courting a maid without the leave of her parents; in 1765, because "there is manifest pride appearing in our streets," the wearing of long hair or periwigs, and "superstitions ribbons" was forbidden; also, men were forbidden to "keep Christmas, as it was a Popish custom." In 1677 a "cage" was erected near the meeting-house for the confinement of Sabbath-breakers, and John Atherton, a soldier, was fined forty shillings for wetting a piece of old hat to put into his shoes.



"Doomed! Doomed! Yes, and with a curse hanging over my head!"

of the pastimes of the animal, his palaces and luxuries, we could only compare a beaver to a citizen of Venice in her most palmy days—the difference between the two being that the former enjoys himself more in the water than the latter did on his favorite *gondola*.

The beaver, when captured young, can be sufficiently domesticated to make him a pet; but their unattractive form is any thing but an ornament to the house. With young children they are very friendly, though their disposition is amiable to any one. They are very neat in their persons, and when moved from their comrades and domiciled with human beings, nothing do they so much like as being allowed the daily privilege of taking a clean bath.

When thus engaged they are a curiosity to look at, as they are very agile and particular in removing every particle of dirt.

The signs having been discovered, the trapper next selects a suitable location for a camp, which he soon occupies. The trap used is very much like the same instrument used in different parts of the United States for catching foxes, wolves, etc., excepting that it is smaller and made with more skill. Old trappers are very suspicious in regard to the makers of their traps, and entertain the idea that much of their good and bad fortune depends on the tools they work with; hence they always have their favorite makers, and will pay more for their traps than for those of any other maker.

These signs may not always be found together, but instead, they may each exist separately, and thus inform the hunter that game is close at hand. The little twig as it floated down the stream, with the bark half gnawed off, would go unheeded by the casual observer, but to the trapper it is a prize to be obtained; for, by its freshness it indicates to his mind how near he is to the chance of adding another pound of valuable fur to his stock on hand.

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